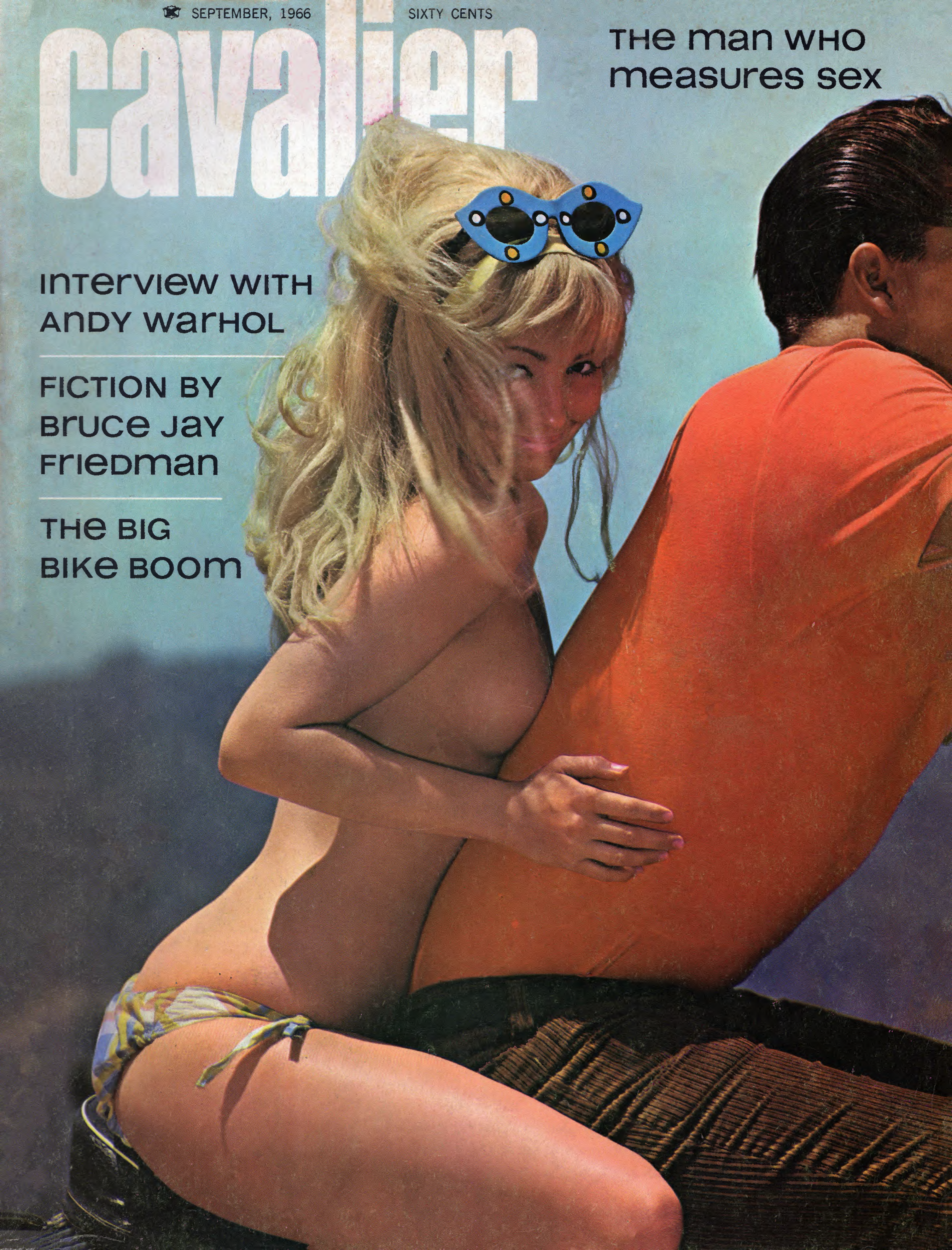
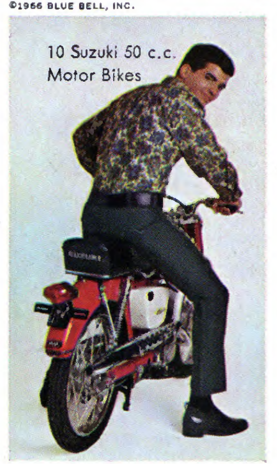

SEPTEMBER, 1966
SIXTY CENTS
cavalier
THE man WHO measures sex
INTERVIEW WITH ANDY WarHOL
FICTION BY Bruce JAY FrIEDman
THE BIG BIKE BOOM

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roundabout

Item: The Emerging Nations may have overcome colonialism, but they seem, in the process, to be succumbing to another Western vice—puritanism. A stringent new sex code in Algeria makes adultery, brothel-keeping and soliciting (and that *doesn't* mean for Fuller Brushes) crimes. The Casbah, it appears, will swing no more. One provision of this code shows the influence of the Moslem tradition of male-as-topdog: the maximum sentence for female adulterers is twice as long as that for men.

Item: Puritanism may come back in England, too, if British author Henry Fairlie is right when he predicts in a recent article that swinging England is now ripe for a puritan reaction. We'd be more than sad if puritanism becomes the new In thing over there. Fairlie calls England "the most immoral country in Europe," but for us England is the most *fun* country in Europe, and we hope that the England that gave the world the Beatles, Carnaby Street, Meg, Tony and *Town* magazine, there'll always be.

Item: The only thing better than knowing where the action is, is knowing where it's going to be, so we're keeping a sharp eye on a sharp little theatre workshop which was first to perform such nationally popular musical comedies as *The Fantasticks, The Boys from Syracuse* and *The Shoemaker's Holiday.* The Barnard-Columbia Summer Theatre, based on the Ivy League campus of Barnard College for Women in New York, has just launched another candidate for hitsville. It's a fast, funny musical satire called *Little Do We Care for Riches,* written by a young Californian, Don Fowle. If this show goes on to pack houses all over the country as *The Fantasticks* is doing, you'll be hearing both those names again.

Item: In Los Angeles, the city that spawned America's first discotheque, what's happening now is the *toutique.* America's first *toutique* (so called because it offers a little bit of everything) is Le Drogue Store, a kind of futuristic shopping center not far from the UCLA campus. The principal feature of Le Drogue Store is Mort Sahl's new night club, The Uprising. Around The Uprising sprawls a mad pop-op-decorated congeries of pastry counters, specialty shops, ice cream parlors, cafes, dog-sitting and pet-grooming services (yes!), and multifarious other bits and pieces of action. Everything but a drug store. About The Uprising Mort Sahl says, "It's really a unique club. It isn't even owned by the Mafia."

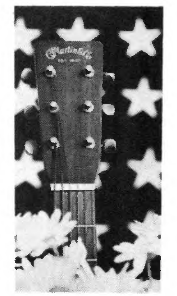
Item: There are fifteen hundred laundromats in Tokyo. Seems Chinese laundries never caught on there. □

in this issue

And Then I Wrote "Human Sexual Response"—The greatest science-non-fiction fable of this decade. Meet Doctor Masters, who measures sex in a laboratory, where people Do It for Science. *Page 22*




The Saga of a Sound—The delta blues begat the Chicago sound; the Chicago sound begat R & B and R & R, and they swept the world. The whole story, from Muddy Waters to the Rolling Stones. *Page 26*



The Death Table—Bruce Jay Friedman, the mad, mad author of *Stern* and *A Mother's Kisses,* is here again with a black, black tale about this little white card that tells you how you'll Get It. *Page 46*



The Terrible-Tempered Watchdogs of Fleet Street—Meet the most ruthless pens in the world, Britain's political cartoonists. Daily they do drawings no American cartoonist would dare dream of. *Page 38*

cavalier

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Publisher: Louis L. Kimzey
Editor: Robert J. Shea
Managing Editor: Arthur Kretchmer
General Manager: Holly Hedrich
Art Direction: Andy Kerechuk, David Costain, Richard Lo Monaco
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Contributing Editors: John Gabree, Paul Krassner, Bob Shelton
Assistant Editors: Frank Harding, Karin Reimold
Fashion Editor: Don Robbie
Dining Editors: Sheldon Landwehr, Ben Outlaw
Special Features Editor: Tim Boxer
Advertising Production: Marion Kappler
Advertising Director: Dale Naef, 3100 Riverside Dr., Los Angeles, Calif. 90027 (213) 666-4422
Associate Advertising Director: Jerry Tice
Eastern Advertising Manager: Joseph K. Coleman, Suite 2830, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036 (212) 889-5814
Midwestern Advertising Manager: Bill Pattis, 4761 West Touhy Avenue, Lincolnwood, Ill. 60646 (312) 679-1100
Western States Advertising Manager: Jay Eisenberg, 8380 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069 (213) 653-5841
Reader Service: Dudley
Subscriptions: Irene Gordon
Office Manager: Carol Everett

the cavalier attitude

BY ROBERT J. SHEA

So widespread, both throughout history and at the present time, is the dissemination of, and belief in, utter crap, that it is frequently impossible to tell whether the originators thereof are clever charlatans or are merely themselves the first to be taken in by their own fabrications. Such is the case with Andy Warhol, silver-haired boy of Pop Art, underground movies and the Jet Set. A *Cavalier* interviewer puts Warhol under the microscope on page 44 of this issue.

Fortunately, there is an antidote to crap: skepticism. Students, as a class, seem to have a corner on this antidote, their sensitivity to snow jobs apparently being much greater than that of the population at large.

For instance, there was the reaction of an audience of Columbia University students to a presentation of Andy Warhol's underground movie, *Blow Job.* You have to get the picture. Here is an auditorium on the Columbia campus, pretty well packed with students and a few fringe types like myself. We have all come to see a movie called *Blow Job.* We have come, certainly, partly out of Prurient Interest, but Warhol's reputation in the art world lends the occasion Redeeming Social Importance.

On the screen appears the head and shoulders of a young man. For thirty-three unrelieved minutes, all—*all*—we are to see on the screen is the head and shoulders of this young man. The entire action consists of various blinkings, squintings, eye-rollings, head-shakings and facial contortions.

Now, were this film being displayed to the usual *après moi le déluge,* status-hungry, Jet Setty, sleek, know-nothing crowd of East Side Establishment sophisticates, all this would be – and on other occasions doubtless has been – greeted with reverential awe and silence. But this, as I have said, is an audience of students fortified with a healthy skepticism.

Ten minutes after the start of the film, a voice from the orchestra seats announces in portentous tones:

"In 1936, in Madison Square Garden, Alf Landon said: 'Everywhere I go in this country, I meet Americans.' " There is a moment of thoughtful silence, then laughter and thunderous applause. More minutes pass while the face on the screen stares out at the audience, which stares back. Then the same heckler declares:

"And in 1954, Dwight David Eisenhower said: 'If there's one thing the Russians can't stand, it's ridicule.' " The audience also applauds this sentiment.

From this point on, as it becomes more and more apparent that nothing new is going to happen on the screen, the students proceed to fashion their own entertainment by spontaneously inventing a game. Anyone who feels he has a comment that will amuse his peers makes that comment. The peers indicate their pleasure with laughter and applause, their disapproval with boos and hisses.

"The book was better." (Laughter and applause)

"Don't go off half-cocked." (Loud hisses)

Someone singing: "We shall never come." (Laughter)

Girl's voice (after a particularly violent wince on the screen): "Where does it hurt?" (Silence)

"Go down, boy." (Hisses)

"He's faking it." (Laughter)

(After about twenty minutes of the film have elapsed): "Don't give up, tiger!" (Laughter)

"He's just getting it up for the first time." (Loud laughter)

"What do you mean, Rockwell couldn't come?" (Loud laughter and applause. Some weeks before, there was to have been a lecture by George Lincoln Rockwell at Columbia. But he was arrested by the New York police the minute he set foot in town and so never showed up.)

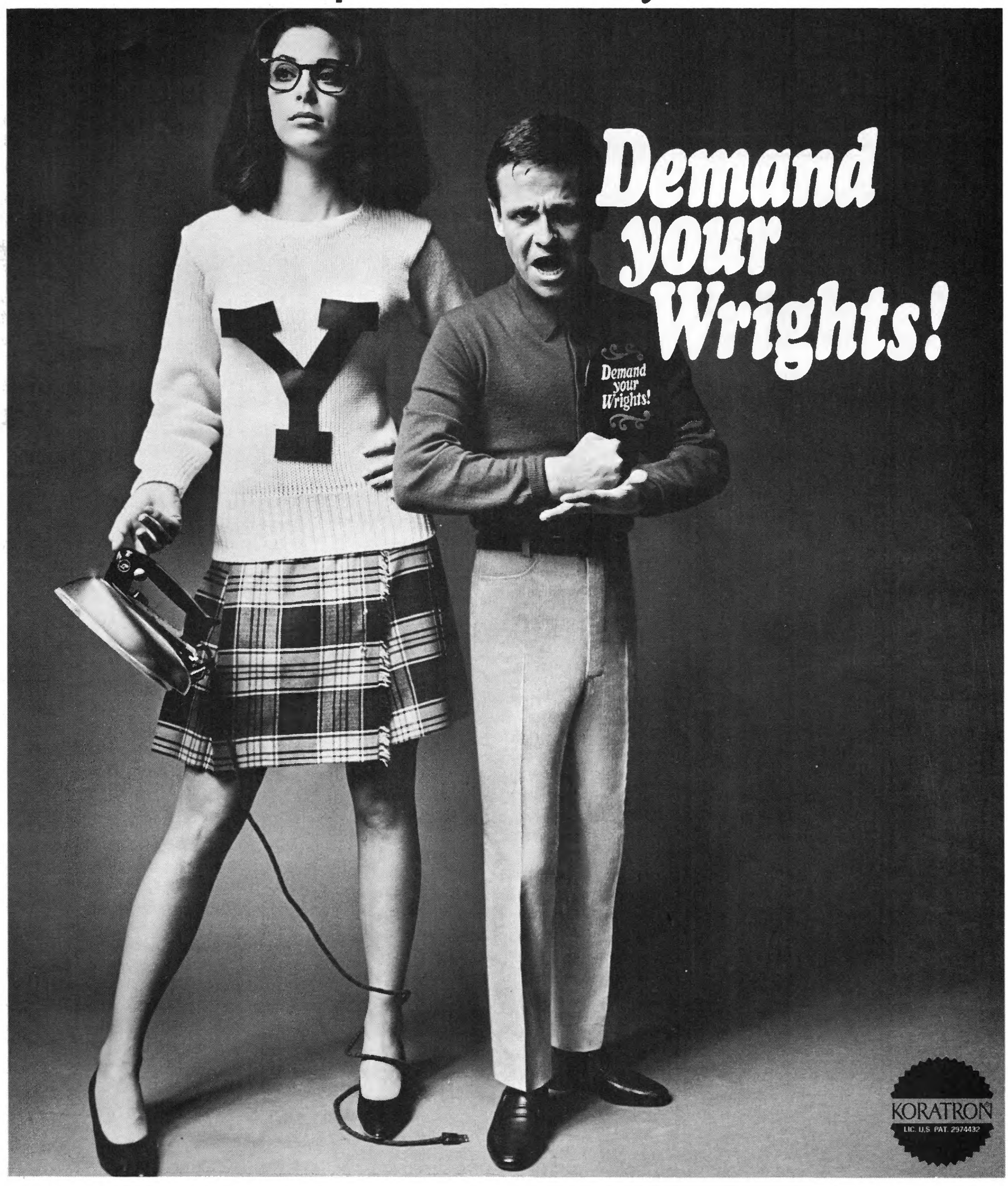
And, as the last of the picture's three-minute reels flickers across the screen: "We came here for a blow job and got screwed." (Loudest laughter and applause of the evening)

So it was that Andy Warhol, anti-art hero of our time, at last assisted in the creation of a work of art. His *Blow Job* had engendered a Happening. □



"Will you be quiet up here? Sounds like you have a herd of elephants."

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readers' speak-out

Hysterical Laughter

Mr. Krassner's column on the nature of "black humor" ("Black Is the Color of My True Love's Humor"—July) was interesting and well-done. Although explanation by demonstration is often not satisfactory, in this case the method was well suited to the task. May I offer several observations?

First, so-called "black humor" is new only in terminology. One of the earliest and most cutting examples of Mark Twain's essay "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," whose sardonic text was preceded by verbatim newspaper clippings as humorous and tragic as the author's suggestions. This essay was the semi-serious proposal to recall the American missionaries from China to civilize the residents of the United States. Unfortunately this "America First" policy was not implemented.

Second, "black humor" is not an exaggeration of reality as such. It is the construction of characters and situations which, when first examined, appear ludicrous, but which, upon closer inspection, turn out to be less ridiculous than reality. Thus "black humor" is not to be enjoyed in the normal sense of the word. It is akin to the hysterical laughter of war. It is certainly, as Krassner stated, the confrontation of one's eventual death, but it is the additional confrontation of the laughable circumstances in which this death (and life) occurs.

Finally, I would like to add that George Wald, whom Krassner quoted for biological material, indulges in the use of "black humor" himself, occasionally. He once quoted McNamara's exact facts and figures on the ability of the United States to annihilate China and Russia simultaneously. Wald pointed out that such figures were ridiculous because they were unthinkable in "human" terms.

Eugene A. Costa, Jr.
Framingham, Mass.

Frankly, we find Dr. Wald's little joke a bomb.

Legalized Abortion

I am a young woman, 24 years of age, married for five years, and I am pregnant with my fourth child. After reading Garret Hardin's article advocating legal abortion ("The Case for Abortion"—June) I fear I may abort naturally, from rage.

There's so much I'd like to say to this obnoxious dolt, but there are laws restricting my remarks. First of all, no college or university granting any idiot a Ph.D. will include with it the right to interpret sacred scripture. I tend to feel that Mr. Hardin may need a change of glasses, because the commandment handed down from God to Moses, whether it states "Thou shalt not kill" or "Thou shalt not commit murder" was the *fifth* commandment and certainly not the sixth, as Mr. Hardin so self-assuredly stated.

This poor soul must be trying to create a rebellion against motherhood, for it's apparent his own mother did absolutely nothing to nurture a strong and healthy conscience in her son.

Mr. Hardin writes that he is a biologist. I haven't decided yet whether he's boasting or apologizing. How can anyone state or even imply that an unborn embryo or fetus is not a human being? It has a heart that beats, with warm blood flowing through its veins, and it's been proven that even its tiny lungs actually breathe. To deprive a child of its God-given right to life is in itself murder—definitely against the *fifth* commandment of God. And no man, no matter what his status, is permitted to make a "Godlike decision," the right to which belongs to God Himself.

It was against my better judgment to even allow your magazine in my house. This June issue is my husband's first experience with your publication. Thanks to Mr. Hardin, we'll be paying a pretty penny to have ready-made wastebasket liners for the next three years.

I'll just end this letter with a short prayer that Almighty God will be merciful to those women who submit to induced abortion and to Mr. Hardin also.

Mrs. Lois Campana, R.N.
Philadelphia, Pa.

A minor factual point: Biblical translations differ in numbering the Commandments. The one forbidding killing, or murder, is the fifth in the Douay version and the sixth in the King James version.

When I was twenty-one, I found myself unmarried, pregnant, and going with a man who loved me but had no desire for marriage, much less a child.

I could have procured an abortion, I believe, but I did not; my wonderfully understanding parents had raised me to realize that I had responsibilities to myself and to God. The father of the child did marry me with the understanding that after the child was born we would separate, probably get a divorce.

The "unwanted" child was born. Her father accepted her; I accepted her; she is most dear to us. This lovely child who should not have been born has brought joy and satisfaction into our lives.

How can any man, how can Garret Hardin say that abortion should be legal? Mature, responsible people will accept their hardships and adjust; those who cannot, need psychiatric help, not abortion.

Perhaps when Garret Hardin's mother was carrying him in her womb, she should have had the same thoughts he expressed and had an abortion. Society does not need a man like Garret Hardin; it has enough problems.

Mrs. R. Y.
Cincinnati, Ohio

To abort human life is the lowest form of murder one can commit. It is worse than cold-blooded murder of the born. To you, *Cavalier,* I say you've made a grave mistake by printing such an article. Of Hardin, I say only that he's crazy—that's obvious.

I shall not buy your magazine again until I receive written denouncement of Garret Hardin, receive written denouncement of all forms of abortion except in cases of extreme danger to the mother, and receive a gentleman's promise not to carry such an article again.

A. E. Filsinger
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Don't hold your breath.

Congratulations! You have just restored my faith that there is hope for the human race. I can't remember when I've read anything so true as "The Case for Abortion." I speak from experience.

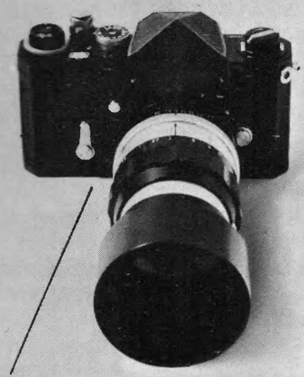
When married to my first husband I had an illegal abortion. The reasons behind my doing so I will not go into. The outcome of the abortion is what's important.

I never had any neurotic aftereffects whatsoever. I found a very high-paying job, married a very well-to-do man; neither would have happened had I had the child. And there was no terrifying pain. Uncomfortable—yes; painful, no. The most painful part is the fear of the abortion caused by all the old wives' tales of our society. I have since put twenty to thirty women ranging from seventeen to forty-five years old in touch with the same doctor. All of these women are in fine health and leading happier lives as a result of the illegal abortion.

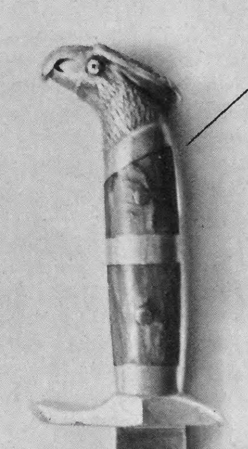
I would like to see this article reprinted

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

HUGO MONTENEGRO plays music for swinging spies



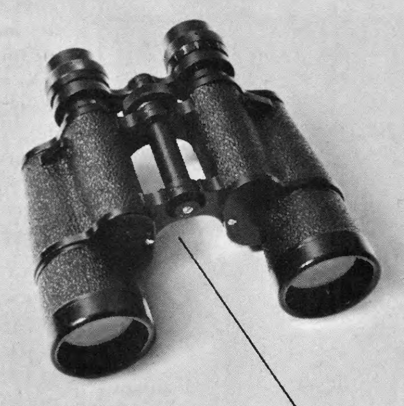
(1) This special telephoto lens camera photographs rocket launchings, espionage meetings, and, with the push of a button, becomes a 500 h.p. bullet-proof car.



(2) Every spy worth his poison pellet will recognize this as a Malayan throwing dagger that instantly converts into a secret underground tunnel or tie clip.



(3) This 25 caliber pistol, dandy for shooting bad enemy agents, also insures you of complete privacy and uninterrupted pleasure when you enjoy this new action-packed album.



(4) This innocent-looking pair of binoculars is actually an instant 2-man submarine that expands when dipped in water. As binoculars, they serve as a marvelous girl-watching device.

(5) Hugo Montenegro arranged and conducted this new album of spy-type music from today's top movies and TV programs. In it, you'll hear such tunes as "Secret Agent Man," "Goldfinger," "The James Bond Theme," "Thunderball," "Our Man Flint," "The Silencers," and more of your favorite "spy-along" tunes. So slip on your trench coat and dark glasses and sneak down to your nearest record store for this great new recording.



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READERS' SPEAK OUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

in *Ladies' Home Journal, Parents',* and *Readers' Digest.*

(Name Withheld)

Don't hold your *breath either, Ma'am.*

I really go along with what Garret Hardin is saying; it's all the true thing, the real "haps." But—"Sterile parents do not produce sterile children." What crap! I'd just like to have Mr. Hardin tell me what kind of children sterile parents *do* have.

Glad to see Paul Krassner sold out to you instead of some real phony outfit. I miss *The Realist.*

A. H. Nadon
Chicago, Ill.

In the first place, it was Hardin's point that sterility by its very nature cannot be an inherited defect because there are no offspring to inherit it. Hardin's more concise way of saying the same thing should have been intelligible to all but the careless reader. In the second place, Paul Krassner has not sold out as you so brashly put it; The Realist *is still very much in business; and where the hell have you been?*

Muck-Wader

After wading through the irrational muck that constituted the editorial content of your last several issues, I have only one suggestion: that Paul Krassner, LeRoi Jones, Jack Newfield, R.J.S. (whoever he is) and the rest of the gang down at *Cavalier* get ahold of Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* and read John Galt's epic speech contained in Book Three, Chapter Seven. After that, providing you still possess the necessary self-esteem to show your faces on the street, I suggest that you go out and apologize to Truth, Justice, Rationality, Liberty and the Human Mind for so rankly insulting them.

PFC Robert J. Caldwell
Nha Trang, Vietnam

You're no authority on what people should read if you've been reading this magazine for several issues and still haven't figured out who R.J.S. is. By the way, who is John Galt?

Costly Cheese

I read your editorial "How Green Is Our Cheese" and Dr. Asimov's article "Selenize or Die" in the same issue (June). I am a fervent science fiction reader and have read all of Dr. Asimov's science fiction novels and most of his stories and find him one of my favorite authors and hope you'll keep on publishing articles by him.

With regard to your editorial, I'm afraid that you're mistaken when you say that there's plenty of money for both space research and fighting social ills. True, if space research were stopped not all of the money thus released would go to fighting social ills, but a significant amount would, and government spending could be cut, thus lessening inflationary tendencies.

There are many more important and useful ways to spend public money than for a space program, and there isn't enough money for these things and the space program without starting a serious inflation.

We could put the billions of dollars now used or planned to be used in the space program toward research in the biological sciences so as to conquer infectious and degenerative diseases and develop an anti-thanatic drug in our lifetimes. To me, that is an infinitely more alluring prospect than a landing on the Moon.

What we'll find on the Moon is problematical, and much vacuum research could be done just as well in a large space satellite, the construction of which might be a desirable goal.

Certainly the effort to go to the Moon will use up plenty of raw materials, and the price of copper and mercury has already risen greatly in the last few years. If we run short of raw materials, it will surely accelerate the retrogression to barbarism that Dr. Asimov fears.

One cause of Spain's decline is that her kings tried to fight too many battles on too many fronts with the gold from South America. Trying to do too many things at once is not good.

Sheldon Krizer
Jersey City, N.J

Were government spending increased to cover both the space program and other worthy research areas, the result would be more jobs, more technological progress, more prosperity. The argument that increased government spending leads to inflation is used by the meathead politicians who are holding the space program back.

Invitation to the Academy

I write in relation to Jules Siegel's answer to Sp/4 David Nassberg's letter ("Readers' Speak-Out" – June). Siegel talks of T. S. Eliot's killing poetry. As it may be, there are poets who as Siegel says follow the T. S. Eliot way, "which introduced the academic notion of scholarship into the business of writing a poem."

And as it may be, "Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti and Corso had to set up their own publisher, City Lights, in order to get into print." And as it may be, "The Academy, printing hundreds of volumes of verse annually, is just not interested in anything but imitations of Eliot and his circle."

There are good young poets writing today and reading their poems and being published and gradually having their books

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

READERS' SPEAK OUT
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74
come out and in so doing gathering an interested and appreciative audience. I speak specifically of the Berkeley - San Francisco area, where I live, and am a poet, and have set up many poetry readings.

Finally, it will be pleasant to have "the Academy," if that may be, publish our work. But for the time or for all time—as may be—we are working poets, writing, reading, having our poems put out by our friends, in most cases, other poets. The little magazines.

Doug Palmer
Berkeley, Calif.

Reaching Bottom

I have noticed recently that the steady decline of your magazine has just about reached bottom. Lately, yours has become a publication by and for the "In crowd," who seem to be mainly concerned with showing off their own In-ness. And, of course, nothing can be In unless it is written by a Jew or nigger, and it must also portray civil rights, drug addiction, sex in the streets, Barbra Streisand (and other damn Jews) and miscegenation as the greatest things known to man. And, as all members of the In-crowd agree, anyone who disagrees is a right wing fanatic maniac. I sure hope you print this letter with a sarcastic comment, as I would consider it an honor to be thought of as a swastika-waving, Nazi-Fascist hatemonger by bastards like you and the rest of your pot-smoking In-crowd.

A Texas Stormtrooper

Your wish is granted. That's how we think of you. Now will you do something for us? The next time your stormtrooper's uniform comes back from the cleaner, put your head in the plastic bag, tie it tightly round your neck and then hold your breath or not, as you please.

Holy Mackerel!

I personally am disgusted with your pictures of nude women; feeding the lusts and passions of men with such nude pictures of women will surely bring God's judgment on this sinful, corrupt, wicked world. And unless America repents of its sin and corruption God will surely destroy it and punish it.

E. Palmer
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Canada

What about Canada?

Up Morris Renek!

We enjoy your magazine but are especially excited when we can look forward to a copy in which there is an article, interview, or story by that brilliant and talented writer *Morris Renek*. He has that wonderful ability to say exactly what he means to, using the most precise language. He is terrific! Why can't you feature him every month?

H. Goodwin
Evanston, Ill.

Sure you're no relation?

What Manner of Man . . . ?

I noticed the ad on the inside back cover of your June issue asking "What sort of man reads *Cavalier*?" Now let me tell you what kind of man reads *Cavalier*. He is frustrated, inadequate and unfulfilled. His thrills come out of magazines because he finds himself impotent in a "real life" situation. But, then, I don't suppose I'm telling you anything you wouldn't have known long ago.

In my opinion *Cavalier* is a sick, sick comment on our society whose fat, perspiring hands avidly leaf through the pages each month. And the really sad thing about it is that the poor creatures probably feel very clever with themselves for picking what they *think* is a sophisticated magazine. Add "naive" to the list of characteristics of the men who read *Cavalier*.

Marlene Alexander
Cobourg, Ontario
Canada

Our guess is that you've been taken in by men who pretend to read Cavalier. *It's part of their line, Marlene. When you meet a real* Cavalier *reader you'll learn the difference.*

Hate Literature

I find it hard to understand how the John Birch Society came into your article "You Dirty Rat Atheist Pinko Jew Bastard!" in the May *Cavalier*. Many times people have denounced the John Birch Society and yet they do not know what it is. When I have asked these people what it is, most of them don't even know who John Birch was or what he did. The John Birch Society has never put out and never will put out a hate sheet or pamphlet. Take a good look around and see how much hate has been built up against the John Birch Society, and where does it come from? From people who have never been to a meeting of the John Birch Society, or who have never had the time to read the articles put out by them. This is the kind of person that our Communist friends are in love with. These people can do a lot of work for the Communists. I'd just like to ask this of the people reading this letter: Find out for yourselves about a group of people before you throw that rock. Thank you!

AlC Thomas M. Rawson
50th Air Police Squadron

Author Cashman did not accuse the John Birch Society of putting out hate pamphlets. He stated that "they have been steering clear of hatemongering." Even so, it is a fact that Birchers have played pretty fast and loose with the word "Communist," as President Eisenhower and Chief Justice Warren, among others, might testify. As for not knowing who John Birch was, one fact about him certainly ought to be more widely publicized—that he had nothing whatsoever to do with the John Birch Society.

Your article in the May issue on hate literature woke me to the facts. Intrigued by the fact that your magazine, which has been for some time taking a Leftist Trend, would take the space to advertise these books as hate literature, I rushed right out and bought a few copies of some of the printings mentioned. I can never repay you enough for guiding the way to such publications as *The Stormtrooper* and *The Thunderbolt*. Without your help, I might never have awakened to the Communist Conspiracy in this great country. You helped at least one of your readers with your left-wing bigotry! I will continue to subscribe to these wonderful books and hope you do likewise. Unless, of course, the B'nith Brai [*sic*] and your rabbi says you can't do that—Comrade.

(Unsigned)

Sure you can repay us, Unsigned. Go join Texas Stormtrooper in that plastic bag.

Boo!

The blurb on "How Crime Keeps America Healthy, Wealthy, Cleaner and More Beautiful" in your May issue refers to "the coordinated effort of bookmaker and bookeeper." Please tell me what a bookeeper is. I have heard of beekeepers and bookkeepers, but a bookeeper is new to me.

Herb Calenius
Minneapolis, Minn.

You mean you've never heard of anybody keeping boo?

Paranoid

I've been away from your magazine for about a year, and the May issue is the first one I've seen in a while. At first I thought the issue was a parody on the New Left; then as I read further it somehow seemed less funny and more tragic. It is upsetting to find in a magazine of your former calibre a point of view so narrow, so paranoid, so naive, so dangerous to humanity. Yours *was* a great magazine.

When are you going to have us of the middle class executed for our crimes against humanity?

Fred P. Anderson
Cambridge, Mass.

You've got us wrong, Mr. Anderson. We think middle-class crime keeps America healthy, wealthy, cleaner and more beautiful.





Top-Drawer Discs

Back in print is the all-time, world's greatest, champion off-Broadway musical – *The Fantasticks* (MGM E-3872 C). The fantastic success of this whimsical little gem has baffled theater historians. It has played around the world and now holds honors for the longest run of any off-Broadway production short of *The Drunkard*. Maybe it's just the simplicity and joy that the youngish cast brings. Maybe it's seductively lovely melodies like "Try to Remember." Whatever the magic formula, this is a cast album to treasure.

Sheer inspiration department: Mae West singing with a rock 'n' roll band! On *Way Out West* (Tower T5028), the grandmother of vamps joins with some electrified scamps calling themselves Somebody's Chyldren to make for one of the most delightful camp albums of the season. In her seventies now, Mae West knows more about sex than the entire junior class of Vassar and quite a bit about singing, too.

Lenny Bruce is Out Again (Phillies PHLP-4010) and that is news. The coruscating hipster satirist is heard here in a live session, flailing with deadly aim the weaknesses and foibles of our time. The liner notes are simple – a letter of praise from a with-it cleric, The Rev. Sidney Lanier, and a list of attorneys prepared to stand or fall with Bruce against the obscenity-hunters.

Sound of the Sarod: Ali Akbar Khan (World Pacific WP-1435) is another good reason for the growing popularity of Indian music. Some devotees say that Ravi Shankar is the reigning master of the raga, others say that it is this artist (who trained Shankar). The incredibly intricate rhythmic patterns and the purling resonances add up to an unforgettable performance.

Dancing or Listening

Even in this age of rock 'n' roll, every now and then a chap wants to find some easy middle-of-the-road album to dance to, or maybe just to sprawl out on the sofa to. Perhaps he wants to dance that girl over into the corner where the sofa is, without shifting gears, or records.

Here are a few recent albums well suited to either purpose:

Willie Bobo: Uno Dos Tres (Verve V6-8648)

King Curtis: That Lovin' Feeling (Atco 33–189)

Strangers in the Night: Bert Kaempfert and Orchestra (Decca DL74795)

The Brazilian Scene: Luiz Bonfa (Philips PHS 600-208)

Poets of Our Time

We are witnessing these days a mass renascence of interest in poetry. As the growing suspicion toward political advertising slogans develops, the esteem of the poets grows. Two of the most influential are the young Russians Andrei Voznesensky, and Yevgeny Yevtushenko. A fair sampling of their work can be heard on *Antiworlds* (Columbia OL 6590) and *Yevtushenko* (Folkways FL 9869).

The Columbia record has considerably more impact, with readings first by Vosnesenky in Russian followed by translations by four distinguished poet-translators, W. H. Auden, Stanley Kunitz, William Jay Smith and Richard Wilbur. The Folkways disk has effective readings in English by Milt Commons and Jere Jacob. Both poets deserve attention from anyone interested in the literature or the philosophy of 1966.

Filet of Soul

That almost indefinable element in bluesy music called soul has many able practitioners offering their definitions. Ray Charles, Otis Redding, Joe Tex and the Righteous Brothers know what soul is all about, and nearly any of their recent recordings will give concrete examples.

An excellent three-disc set compiled by the blues-hunter Sam Charters will give further documentation. *Chicago / The Blues / Today!* (Vanguard 9216-8) does not deal in well-known names or bands, but sets an eavesdropping ear on the unadorned, pulsating blues activity in that great music city. Wild mouth-harps, clanging electric guitars, hoarse, shouting, earnestly involved voices add up to a portrait of the mystique called soul. A social document that is also moving musically.

For the Tape-Recorder

The rapid spread of the tap CARtridge for our mobile, motorized millions is bringing the growing tape field into a renewed prominence. For the home tape machine, the advantages of long, uninterrupted playing and excellent fidelity, even at 3¾ inches per second, are among the advantages. Here are a few of the home tapes we have liked:

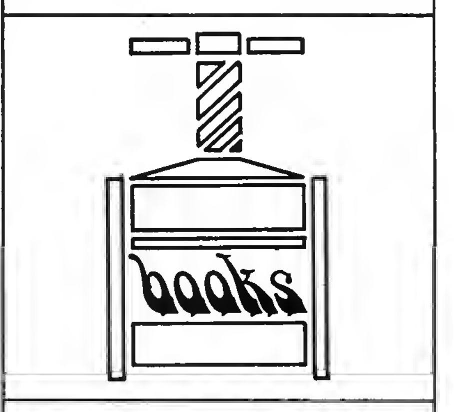
Crying Time: Ray Charles (ABX-852).

Haydn: Six Complete Symphonies, Nos. 99 through 104 (VEF 1916). Mogens Woldike conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra.

Dvorak: Violin and Cello Concertos (DKG 9120).

Vladimir Ashkenazy, Piano: Ravel, Chopin, Debussy. (LCL 80176).

Bob Shelton



Been Had Lately?

Alan Abel *(The Great American Hoax,* Trident Press, 1966, $4.95) explains in great and entertaining detail how he and less than a dozen accomplices pulled the long and perfectly willing leg of John Q. over a period of years with an intended satire on American double standards.

SINA (the Society for Indecency to Naked Animals) started out as a fictional report on a purely imaginary interview with an "heir" to $400,000, which respectable sum was to be used for a campaign to clothe and thus make "decent" any animal "that stands higher than 4 inches or is longer than 6 inches."

Mr. Abel got the idea for the "report" while he and other drivers were held up on a Texas highway by the amorous carryings-on of a range cow and her cooperative bull friend. The reactions of the various human lookers-on planted the idea of a satire on human attitudes, and the "animal decency" campaign was a natural as the approach.

Four years and a bewildering number of rejection slips later, the perpetrator of SINA – and this seems to prove that the devil does indeed find work for idle hands (to say nothing of active minds) – being on a lecture tour and having nothing better to do on a motel-room morning, dashed off a letter to the *Today* show, presenting very seriously the basic idea of SINA. The result was an invitation to appear on the show. Well, that started things in a big way.

Mail response to the May 27, 1959, television appearance of G. Clifford Prout Jr., President of SINA (actually, a gifted actor-writer named Buck Henry), ranged from whole-hearted approval of the SINA concepts to threats of violence to the "nuts" involved in such a way-out scheme. Typical letters included such comments as "I think your aims are to be commended and I am interested in learning more . . . ,"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

"... To cover the organs of elimination and reproduction of Animals would surely arouse the very interest of children and greatly heighten the incidents of sodomy and beastiality [sic]..." Some went into esthetics yet: "... They would look most attractive in a smart bikini..." Further television shows, some of the biggest in the business, followed, all handled with utmost seriousness by the SINA "campaigners."

The book includes fast-moving, very funny descriptions of road tours, small-town radio appearances, successful buffaloings of big companies – once, even, the New York Post Office – with threats of "general strikes" and picketings. The companies picketed or threatened almost invariably gave in – even the New York Post Office. After all, who wants crackpots milling around with weird signs outside one's business offices?

The hoax lasted for five years – and even after the whole thing was exposed in newspapers and on television, time after time, people continued to write, condemning, praising, and/or asking for literature.

The signs of satire were there all the time, but apparently they were completely missed. Take the title: Society for Indecency to Naked Animals. Analyze that in terms of the stated intentions of the Society: to clothe all animals for the sake of decency. Despite the utter nonsense of even the title, however, Mr. Abel and his few cohorts managed to convince millions that the Society was actual and earnest, with a membership of nearly 60,000! Double-talk and *non sequitur* were the watchwords throughout the five-year heyday of SINA, but still the public didn't catch on – perhaps because we're so conditioned to such things in advertising, or used to hearing the ravings of crackpots in other fields.

The book will make you laugh and shake your head, but – as Mr. Abel points out – it might also make you wonder what a serious crackpot scheme with thousands of dollars behind it (instead of the twenty-dollar-a-week budget on which SINA operated) could do to us.

Incidentally, one gets the distinct feeling that Mr. Abel is giving one's leg a slight tug now and then in the book, too, in making comments on people and events involved with SINA. Probably the uncontrollable impulses of a man who specializes in off-beat enterprises.

Frank Harding



The most maligned guy in this business is the one who makes it with the pop audience. Even more than the club owner, he is likely to be the first target for every bum around. A lot of great musicians *are* out of work, but every musician who is making it isn't a sellout and a lot of damn good music is being bought and listened to.

Ramsey Lewis is the current target for all the smart boys. His sins include hit singles of *The In Crowd, Hang On Sloopy* and *A Hard Day's Night* and years of albums and singles high on the r&b schedule. All the guilt shouldn't rest with Ramsey, though. The other members of the trio have been just as sinful (and are equally remorseless). They have stayed together a decade and, as Ramsey says, "We nearly think and play as one." Eldee Young, the solid, imaginative bassist, is also probably the best cellist in jazz. Drummer Red Holt is a thoroughly satisfying small-group timekeeper with a smooth approach and a full understanding of his compatriots' needs. And Ramsey Lewis is an assured swinging soloist.

Interviewers all ask the same questions: Has your new *richesse* changed your style of living much? *No, we're all still living in Chicago . . . we have a new house . . . better, but not much different.*

What happens if you feel like playing a number you know the audience won't dig? *That's not really a problem with us. We've been playing what we want to play the way we want to play it for a long time now. People know what to expect.*

The Trio doesn't fit the jazz image: No drugs, no nervous breakdowns, no boozing it up on the road, no getting laid; just a nice quiet home life, wife, kids, respectability. Nothing to build a legend on. Does indifference or disapprobation from the hippies and critics bother you much? *Actually, it does. We work hard. We play what we feel, but they don't bother to listen. Criticism doesn't affect us to the point of changing the way we play, but it would be nice to get more than a negative response once in a while.*

You're a big shot. You've made it. What are you doing for civil rights? *What are you doing?*

(Confusion.) I'm supposed to be interviewing you. *I'm not an activist. I don't go out on picket lines, but I think there are a lot of other things I can do. I help support some of the civil rights activities and put in my time at benefits. And I think all Negro entertainers can help show that Negroes are as worthy of respect and attention as whites.* Everyone is a witness in his own time and in his own way.

So what do you accuse them of? Selling out? They paid a lot of dues before they made it. Being square? New York is a lot, but it's not everything. Uncle Tomism? We can all carry the activism thing too far; and being everybody's conscience gets to be a drag. Not swinging? You haven't listened. The best stuff is recorded live: *At the Bohemian Caverns,* Argo 741; *The In Crowd,* Cadet 757; and *Hang On Ramsey!,* Cadet 761.

John Gabree



French Bon-Bons

It may be that the French make movies at great speed because any interruption would betray a lack of investigation into what the films are about.

From the beginning of the New Wave thing, the basic idea has been to employ a hurried fragmentation as a means for suggesting a bogus moralism and precision. In *Les Bonnes Femmes,* his movie about a shopgirl's Paris, Claude Chabrol keeps veering away from an appliance store where he gets a suggestion of boredom, exhaustion, something of social manner and a special sweetness from four unknown actresses. Each of his detours flattens the film as Chabrol depends on ready-made business in a zoo, a pool and a theater. One such fragment: a provocative stripper, pretentiously photographed and lingered on as though she were part of a great statement in cruel moralism.

The model for all this truncation and precipitance is the old Monogram Stinker, a sooty melodrama nobody talked about until the French, who doubtlessly liked the slapped-together quality of *When Strangers Meet,* dedicated one of their scrappy classics, *Breathless,* to such monolithic Monograms.

To take the curse off the skimpiness and truncation of everything (incidents, story, character), the critic and genius behind *400 Blows* try to establish a fake control over the choppy continuity by turning their people into amateur entertainers who guilelessly turn the scene into a stunt or happening. This takes in

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Belmondo spitting out his lips when you least expectorate it.

But there is a *vive la différence* between *Breathless* and the winded gangster films made by Castle-Beaudine-Callahan in the Forties. The classic Wave film, less organic than Monogram's, skims over the surface but is essentially existential and ec-static: no matter how visual these films appear, they are based on a ping pong of words which didactically try to improve you.

Both *Le Bonheur* and *Les Bonnes Femmes,* the 1960 Wave at crest according to late dispatches from American critics, are less interesting for marriage made to seem like treacle or a *Mademoiselle* mag girls' tragedy than for the treatment of the screen: the insistent emphasis on the edge. Chabrol's *Bonnes Femmes*: a flat, tapestry-like screen in which certain details are silhouetted or blacked out while a flashy, trashy material seems to be sliding towards the screen's borders. Again in *Le Bonheur* Miss Varda's outright imitation of Renoir-ish painting makes you hyper-conscious of the screen edge. She peculiarly uses color cubistically. Her steamy hues seem more like half-inch steel plates dynamically working in a horizontal composition. There is the feeling, as in Godard's *Contempt*, that centered eye-level life has been junked and actors now are changing into abstract roundness or flatness that is always threatening to slide off screen or fade into distant background.

Chabrol constantly appears to be working in weighted rectangles. His store aisle is like a great cube of apathy around which his actresses perform sad little stunts and then get hung up as their director's limited imagination goes blank. Miss Varda is always involved in similar detours of boredom: dressed up in Godard-type editing tricks and a sweltering, bulbous color, these fragments are clever nonsense that only suggest Miss Varda as an unstinting camera show-off who knows all the techniques of her buddies—billboard words inserted to clarify scenes, an improbable suicide jazzed up with free association riffs.

Chabrol's study of splintered social roles affected by several clerks in a weird store that has but one sale (a radio tube to an irritated customer), isn't all as brutal, pessimistic, as *Village Voice* and *Newsweek* would like to believe. His *Bonnes Femmes* works only when he is quietly romantic, sensual, doing a comic version of the games, bitching and minor theatricals which nearly comatose girl clerks invent to make the time fly till closing. This comedy, often hypnotic, goes on around a store aisle, a most intriguing locale for its acting by unknown starlets and the fact that it is the one locale Chabrol is able to sculpt without seeming to be portentous or plain bored.

The girls' stories get gulped down too briskly, and the film is much more glamorized than the clerk subject demands, simply because Chabrol does what every New Waver does in a tight spot: he dodges the trashiness of the girls' lives and begins mimicking the revered Hitchcock.

The love for Hitchcock is a blight on French films. Both these films are engulfed by his subjective method, the camera moving on a line drawn slowly along a ruler, particularly the idea of evil flowing out of concentrated normalcy. Thus the Chabrol becomes badly detoured in over-anticipating a cyclist who murder-rapes stray females and is seen in hammed-up nonsense (first a shot of a tiger at the zoo, then one of the cyclist baring his teeth, evil-ing his eyes in mimicry of the tiger). There are exquisite shots of the treetops seen by a girl as she is being strangled, Paris streets as glimpsed from the zooming, low position of a cyclist: as in any Hitchcock, the excessive competence and costly, over-deliberated views are noticed first, then the silly clerks and the badly acted, graceless males who prey upon them.

All the wasted mimicry of Hitchcock and Duvivier is balanced by Chabrol's interestingly soft handling of women. The best scenes involve Bernadette Lafont, an unpretentious actress with a fine ear for types of squealing, groaning, private muttering, that come out of a feeling of boredom and self-concerned hip.

Miss Varda, the wife of Jacques Demy (*Umbrellas of Surebored*) has conceived in *Le Bonheur* a Demy-Eden in which a Mr. Fat Hips Pensive seems to live the life of Rylie as romanticized by a female director. Within the remarkable house-paint-Campbell's-Soup color in which sunshine appears to be boiling inside the sour oranges and off blues, the carpenter leads a fantastic life: a perfect marriage, outside marriage, and job in which the most energetic item is the silk blue shirt he wears during some delectable sawing. One of an army of Kennedy Bros. types who are flooding foreign films with hair and stiff little smile that appears to be hiding teeth, Jean-Claude Drouot plays this dream prince as though the role were an amalgam of unctuousness, fat hips, and an ability to appear a counterfeit hero who seems to be walking on clouds.

An extended ad for Kodak, this movie is the esthetic opposite of Le



"I give you fair warning, Sir. Hire me and I'll be battling for your job!"

Ben Hur: no action, no costumes, much all-round kissing, forest trampling. The eventless story: a euphoric carpenter (he carries his rule in hip pocket on dates) veering between a squat red-headed wife and an eroded Ann Margaret postmistress. The movie curiously goes wrong on both marital and extra-marital bliss because Miss Varda is, first, a remarkable, punchy photographer and, last, a deadly director whose actors have a brittle, estranged manner and queer aerial faces as though trying to unite noses.

At one point, carpenter Pasty Face and Helmet Hair is told by his happy mistress that he is unbelievable. This understatement reaches its peak in a pre-adultery scene where the carpenter enters his mistress' flat and without saying a word circles the room, looks around like a puppy dog, feels the wall to see if it is sound, and then dips his face for its twenty-fourth kiss. In his second visit to the flat he holds a shelf to the wall, says it will have to be screwed, and then, in a blink or blank, gets the job done without weapons. The classic line at this point is that he can't do any more carpentry because he needs "a couple of planks."

The film is a smasher for scenes all in pale tangerine, shots around the forest in which the Seurat fishermen appear to be caught in a pale green cobweb, and many *Lawrence of Arabia* scenes in which the screen appears to be made out of solid color except for the people, who are like melting oil paint.

Where there is so much fragmentation, it is usually the most inconsequential instant that catches the soul of the film. Painting a toy service station, the carpenter announces that it is hard painting the corners, and his wife, just as sober and concentrated, suggests he finish the job some other time. The whole movie teeters on this visual moment because, in showing Drouot working on a boiling blue area with an inch-wide brush, Miss Varda indicates that her heart is in sensual painting rather than moving this psychotically acted Normal Man through simultaneous love

The irony of *Bonheur* and the superior playful malignancy of *Bonnes Femmes* is that the original Monogram scrappiness is fading out. Having started out to radicalize the lethargic, overproduced studio film in Hollywood and Paris, the Wave directors have picked up production skill, lost the newspaper columnist's ability to toss off any subject: these new Wave films have the slumberous, aristocratic, improbably pretty character of a despised Thalberg or Sam Goldwyn product.

Manny Farber

PHOTOS COURTESY SPORT MAGAZINE

cavalier's 'dine-in'

NEW YORK—

CHARLEY O's: "Solid drink and good food, that's my theory." Comfortable, easy and friendly, Charley O's, located on the corner of Rockefeller Plaza and 48th Street, is essentially a man's place: Oaken panels, dark-green walls, high-beamed ceilings, mahogany alcoves, and its long, long (forty-foot) bar give it the atmosphere of a club. Its general appearance is reminiscent of famous pre-Prohibition New York dining places such as Rector's, Delmonico's, or Churchill's, while the bar itself is very much like those of Dublin city.

CHARLEY O's is divided into three parts. First and foremost is the bar, watched over by portraits of its two patron saints, W. C. Fields and Jack Norton (what better drinking companions could one ask for?). Between the pub and the restaurant is a stand-up buffet — manned by a chef-carver — for hearty sandwiches, a ready hot dish, a mug of coffee for five cents, or Irish coffee at any time of day. One can polish off his quick meal right here or carry it to the regular bar for an accompanying Irish brew. The 150-seat dining room, while more formal, is still strongly masculine, with etched-glass panels and soft side lamps. On the walls is a collection of famous quotes, accompanied by portraits of their authors. Included in the gallery are A. J. Liebling, Oscar Wilde, Alexander Woollcott, Robert Benchley, Marianne Moore, Mark Twain and others.

The menu is second-generation Irish, pointing up the fact that much of what has come to be known as American cuisine is drawn from Irish forebears. Porterhouse steak for two is far and away the most popular item, with steak, kidney and oyster pie a close second. Other favorites include baked shrimp, corned beef and cabbage, Irish stew and dumplings, bay scallops, fried prawns and steamed finnan haddie. For starters, Charley O's bean soup, pigs knuckles and soused shrimp are strong favorites. A popular dessert is whiskey cream pie (made with Irish whiskey, of course) and there are Stilton and white cheddar cheeses, a chocolate-mousse cake and Irish coffee or Irish Mist coffee made in the true Gaelic manner — with thick cream floating on the top. Things are casual here at Sunday brunch. Ties are not required — and the "brunch hour" extends from noon till sundown.

After an eye-opener of Irish Milk Punch, or perhaps a Champagne Orange or two, brunch at Charley O's begins with a choice of fruits — like chilled melon with ground ginger — or porridge oats with honey and cream, hot clam broth, or clam and tomato cocktail. For the main course there is a variety of offerings, including thick-cut Irish bacon and eggs, poached eggs and tomatoes with cheddar sauce, glazed apple pancake, and minute steak and eggs. All come with a choice of breads, includ-



"Man, this is what I call an initiation!"

ing freshly baked scones. For a final touch, there is Barmbrack, a fruited coffee cake. And, of course, Irish coffee is always available. Imported lagers and beers are served, including Harp and Bass on draught — as well as Guinness' and Watney's Red Barrel. There are John Jameson, Bushmill's, Paddy's and Old Limerick Irish whiskies and John Powers and Cork Irish gins.

Charley O's opens for lunch at 11 a.m., with dinner from 6 p.m. and supper until very late. Sunday brunch from noon till sundown.

ZUM ZUM: One of three restaurants operated by Restaurant Associates on the main concourse of the Pan American Building at 200 Park Avenue, New York City, Zum Zum is also one of the most original and unusual eating places in all Manhattan! Offering counter service only, Zum Zum boasts sausages of all kinds and beer drawn from wooden barrels labeled Hell (light) and Dunkel (dark) — all set against white-tiled walls, tiled floor, a back wall and counter tops of plain scrubbed wood, and two large smoke ovens with glass windows to peek through. Its claim to quality is based on the fact that all the sausages are prepared right on the premises, a process which allows for quality control. The chef comes in as early as 2 a.m. to prepare the franks to be served that day at lunch, because the fresher the frankfurter the better! All the cold meats may be bought to take out, too!

The atmosphere suggests a pork butcher shop combined with *Schnell Imbiss,* meaning "quick lunch." The overall feeling and appearance is one of cleanliness as associated with a butcher shop. *"Zum"* in German means "to the"; for example, *Zum Wurstgeschäft* means "to the sausage *shop,"* and Zum Zum was the name chosen simply because it implies action, or movement. And this is a moving, fun place!

The menu is written on blackboards, and consists of soup, sandwiches, meat platters, desserts, coffee, and soft drinks, in addition to beer. Prices are very moderate. Open weekdays till 10 p.m.; Saturdays, noon to 8 p.m.

JOHN PEEL: "Do ye ken John Peel?" You will, if you make the trip to the John Peel Room in Westbury, Long Island, opened in the summer of 1960. The name is from the old English hunting song *John Peel,* and an appropriate name it is for this spot. The John Peel Room is in the Island Manor restaurant and motel complex on Old Country Road in Westbury. It's a good place to wine and dine if you're spending the evening at exciting Roosevelt Raceway watching the graceful trotters. No transportation problem here — the track is just a short walk from the restaurant.

The exterior is modern, but the interior

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is purest Doctor Johnson English. The waiters wear old English costumes, complete with knee breeches, the beams and tables are of sturdy oak, and the menu not only features hearty, old English viands, but is written in Old English too. An "s" looks like an "f", chicken is spelled "chyken," there's "sallett" instead of salad, and "stake" is steak. To further the authenticity of the room and its service, you can quaff a yard or half of ale – a long glass tube filled with the amber brew, which is set in a wooden stand by your table!

Prices here tend toward the expensive.
Sheldon Landwehr

SAN FRANCISCO

I'm going to kick this column off with a definitely reasonable approach . . . In the heart of the famous SF financial district I've found the GOLD BULL at 525 Sansome Street. It boasts a real double-barreled experience for the San Francisco-based or the traveler. From 7:30 a.m., yes, *a.m.*, you'll enjoy the best damn "stick-to-your-bones" breakfast in town. In the quiet, dignified comfort of a dinner house with background music, you'll ease out of any early morning grouches that many of us hate-to-wake-up-earlies have. Must suggest the tender top sirloin steak and eggs (to order), home fries, toasted English slathered with butter and jam, and the "world's best coffee" . . . unlimited refills on the java. Serve yourself, and only a buck and a half at the rail. Can't beat it. Of course, the menu includes delicious omelets, french toast, ham, bacon, and flapjacks. All items grilled before your eyes by an expert chef and handed to you by the pretty, bright-eyed hostess, Mary. The place was started by three SF businessmen who know the value of pleasure at the table. When you step back out into the day you'll feel like charging up until lunchtime with no trouble. Many come right back for their midday repast and enjoy another fine feed after a martini or any other cooler. One amazing thing about this place is the fact that you can get in, eat, and get out again fast, but you never feel rushed . . . Time in the morning, and at lunch, is often very limited for the busy guy, but the Gold Bull knows how to cope with the charging cavaliers' tight sked and assures no hang-ups. Prices are surprisingly moderate.

The BLUE FOX, world-famous for exquisite food, meeting place for entertainment stars, sports celebrities, and other famous personalities, is situated in a dingy, dimly-lit alley in San Francisco just a few blocks from the city's colorful Chinatown. The alley is Merchant Street . . . a part of San Francisco's colorful past. It has been said that it was the rule rather than the exception to hang a man near Merchant Street before breakfast each morning back in the 1800s. A block away the Pony Express terminated its perilous run across the plains and mountains. Once the headquarters for James J. Jeffries, the boxing immortal, the Blue Fox has been a favorite for many other notables through the years. John F. Kennedy, Baby Face Nelson, Harry Truman, Frank Sinatra, and the New York Yankees have all been seen there from time to time. I *truly* felt like a Cavalier as energtic owner Mario Mondin ordered our dinner in the plush, columned splendor of the main dining room. House specialties laid before us



". . . or forever hold their peace."

included Scampi à la Livornese, Tortellini alla Veneziana (a delectable pasta), Tournedo de Mignon Gastronome, and Strawberries Armagnac. Korbel Sec was the delicious California champagne. The dinner was superb, and, believe me, one should come prepared for a healthy tab. Naturally, the fabulous Blue Fox isn't an "every night" place for the typical young man in San Fran, but you can bet your boots syndicated columnists like Earl Wilson, Walter Winchell, and Herb Caen praise the Blue Fox with justification.

I've been advised correctly on the matter of Chinatown dining. A group of six or eight allows the chef and maitre d' to really do their stuff, and the tariff can be divided up nicely, and nobody gets hurt. However, this is not to say that a couple cannot slip into a quiet corner and sample delicate Chinese morsels economically. Effervescent Tommy Toy, headman at the IMPERIAL PALACE at 919 Grant Avenue put on such an impressive show for our group. The parade started with chicken rolls and everyone dug the chopstick lessons. Then a huge tureen of soup ... piping hot and good. It's hard to tell, or even find out, what goes into many Chinese dishes, but rest assured you can't fail to enjoy any dish in this regal Oriental restaurant. A gigantic whole lobster arrived next. The meat had been removed, steamed, sautéed in butter and wine with unknown spices, and then put back. Then it happened ... a squadron of well-trained waiters began bringing platter after platter of goodies to the six-foot lazy susan affixed to our table. Beef and almonds with a fruit sauce ... chicken with mushrooms ... pork with tomatoes and celery ... another beef dish, this time sporting olive seed hearts imported from Red China, and rice, rice, rice. Piping hot tea was kept brimmed at each place right up until amusing "fortune cookie time." We all thoroughly enjoyed the exotic treats amid rich and mysterious surroundings, and it's hard to tell who enjoyed themselves more, our party or the beaming serving corps.

Some San Francisco "In-Spots" Revisited

Don't forget the lunchtime "chop-lickin'" chow and husky drinks at SUTTER'S MILL . . . Fabulous Italian-Continental cuisine can be had seven days a week at the DOMINO CLUB, and Professor Roberto paints nudes every night for all to watch ... ALEXIS atop Nob Hill cannot be surpassed for Byzantine charm, gourmet specialties, and a wine cellar second to none ... Remember action spots like KUSICK'S and KEARNY PLACE in the financial district for cocktails and some officegirl companionship . . . ENNIO'S, the place serving Specialties of Rome, now sports a bar.

Ben Outlaw



In St. Louis, in the Renaissance Room on Forest Park Boulevard every Thursday, there is a V.I.P. Luncheon for Gentlemen Only which features modeling of the newest women's lingerie, night gowns and bathing suits.

As a warmup for the 30 or 40 businessmen present, whose interest in fashion supposedly disguises a rampaging libido, or at least strong sexual interest, four waitresses get up onto a large semi-circular bar and proceed to frug their little hearts and bottoms out, costumed outlandishly as a Daisy Mae, a Grecian hetaera in a one-shoulder toga, a medieval jester, and a slave maiden in fishnet (bartender, throw that Christian to the board of directors!).

The exertions of these four attractive girls, which take place not a calf-pinch distance from clusters of what should be sexually aroused old boys, go almost unnoticed. It is the rare male who troubles to look up to what one would think would be heaven itself. But the girls are too close, that's all, too close. All that Watusi, that jerk, that solid geometry in fabulous flux! It is obviously a more blatant sexuality than the normal American boy can handle comfortably. Mostly, he talks to his fellows with a maniacal earnestness to cover up his embarrassment or else he stares into his drink as if in dread of the fall of lint, dandruff, or other nameless, fearful detritus.

"And Then I Wrote Human Sexual Response"

A visit to the workshop of the doctor who conceived and carried out the most important sex research project since the Kinsey report.

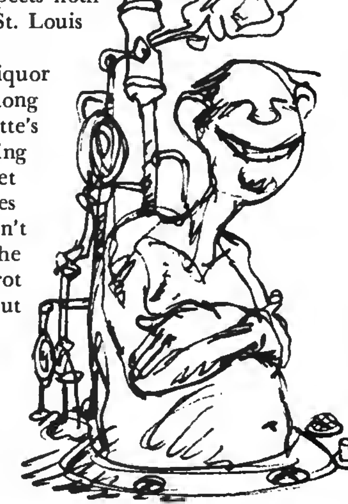
by Saul Braun

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GENE HOLTAN

It is only when the dancing ends and the girls get back down to earth to serve drinks that you begin to see a few of the hearty Midwestern finger and elbow gestures so well immortalized in our literature. With the exception of a notable stud here or there, six feet is apparently about as close as a frugging girl can get without putting these typical American merchants, professionals and executives into a state of mild libidinal anxiety.

The dancing done with, a trim brunette named Minette appears. Give us a show, bring on the sexual objects! Minette cries the fashions in a voice dropping a gooey slushfall of sexual innuendo, and the guys enjoy this quite a bit, especially when a raven-haired hippy honey in a fuzzy bunny bikini appears at the top of a circular staircase carpeted wine red. She is still a good distance off, everyone is at his ease. "Are you ready, fellas? . . . for this . . . *warm* . . . persimmon . . . two piece . . . *bathing* suit! Ah, look at the way it . . . *caresses* . . . the eye of the beholder." A second model appears; the first one is on the way down; Minette hooks her spiel into your unsuspecting groin. Why don't the models fear for their honor, or in those cases where that no longer matters, their physical safety? The sideline patter is so seductive and the fashions so provocative that one expects nothing less than an instant convocation of the St. Louis Thursday Noontime Orgiasts.

No such breakthrough takes place. The liquor glasses clink, an accordionist with a mile-long smile squeezes air all possible ways, Minette's hypnotic honey voice runs the scales, the living dolls follow one another into the red velvet *plusherai* and wiggle past the boys at the tables in near-anonymity. A large number of lads don't even look up; or if they do they wait until the filly is breaking at the final turn into a semi-trot that has a special fascination all its own, but happens at a safe distance beyond. With few exceptions the hearty sons of America's vigorous nineteenth-century expansion stay limp, and they forego the opportunity to take a good, long, clean, close-up look at the sexually attractive bodies wafting by and apparently devote themselves instead to business chit-chat.



No wonder there hasn't been any public outcry against what should be an incitement to robust, irresponsible sex play. Like its counterparts in far less frumpy and conservative cities (as witness most notably San Francisco and its bare-breasted waitresses) this display of unbuttoned lust is no such thing. It is a neatly packaged, highly structured shadow play, a phantasmagoria on sexual themes. Or rather, it is show biz, industrial subdivision, mercantile ingenuity. Minette, at the end of the show, confesses demurely to being the Special Projects Director of the Renaissance Room. "Is your firm planning any . . . meetings . . . or seminars? Are you planning a . . . party? We do have, you must agree, some very . . . beautiful . . . facilities. Honest!" There are some hard commercial lines around Minette's eyes. She makes her offer, nobody leaps up to buy her . . . beautiful . . . facilities . . . she sort of vanishes, loses her substance, and takes with her your last retinal images of a little nothing baby-blue confection and a stunning . . . *sheer* . . . lemon-yellow shorty nightie with a very . . . *low* . . . back and very *high* . . . interest.

The businessmen are left with the taste of roast beef in their mouths, there is a sodden air in the room with its baroque-figured, textured wallpaper and its waiters liveried to match and its hunt table buffet; perhaps the taste is not of roast beef but of ashes.

The American male apparently doesn't care to confront his sexuality more directly than a sidelong glance at a departing waitress, and in this unfortunate rejection of a valuable part of himself he is, as often as not, aided by the American female, who has her own reasons for lying low. This combination makes the anti-sexual look-but-don't-touch of stag lingerie fashion shows and like entertainments a useful, harmless diversion. Nobody objects, really, because it's all good commercial fun. And, in the best tradition of business sex, it is deductible on the libido.

Whereas, for the Real Thing, one need only cross the street from the Renaissance Room into a new, two-story brick medical building on stilts, where men and women *do* make sexual gestures—real ones, that is—at all hours of the day and night. They are participating in the most important sex research since Kinsey. Some of them function with their legal mates, some with themselves, and some with an indefatigable machine which so far as I know has no nickname. They all Do It for science.

Human? Sexual? Guinea pigs? Here in St. Louis?

Indeed. The organization responsible for this activity is known as the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation, and probably because it is no fake but a true and significant milestone in sex research, because it offers no products for sale and no looming breasts for titillation, because it conducts itself with uttermost circumspection and dignity, because it has as its major goal the discovery of physiological truths about sexual activity and the possible alleviation of sexual torment—which everybody knows is endemic—it has been and continues to be criticized, widely, extensively, bitterly and in some cases mindlessly.

Some of the criticism is professional, having to do with research standards, and may very well have some validity. But most of it, please cherish the irony, is on moral grounds.

Aren't these researchers robbing the act of its ineffable mystery and beauty? Don't they make animals of spiritual beings? Weren't we, after all, shaped in the image of God, above the waist?

The question of whether the work should have been undertaken to begin with was predictable. Scarcely a scrabbler in the totem and taboo yards has failed to encounter it, and the history of the life of the mind records the ancient struggle between the desire to make new paths and a terrified orthodoxy challenging it with all the heavy artillery at its disposal. (Yes, the world is round, Jack, but some people I know still aren't taking it too well.)

Among the groundbreakers, some have succumbed to the assaults from a threatened tradition and have given up their work, some have died of it or fought it to the detriment of their personal well-being—notably and recently Alfred C. Kinsey—while a very few have, to the best of their capacities, ignored it. Within this last group one can place Dr. William H. Masters, director of the Foundation and the man who, some eleven years ago, sat down to watch people have sex with a variety of recording devices attached and who now, some ten thousand "complete sexual cycles" later, has compiled findings in an expensive

medical book which, to nobody's surprise, had sold out its first printing ten days after publication.

Much of what Masters has learned about the physiology of sex shatters many long-held beliefs, including some of the most cherished myths of that hitherto unassailable discipline, psychoanalysis. (Why are you resisting me? Is it that you do not wish to hear the truth? Do not wish to get well?) Consequently, he is not at all unprepared for the adverse comments. "Of course we expected it," he says. "Everything new in medicine is rejected." With a touch of grace under fire that comes unexpectedly from his dour, downturning mouth, he adds, "We think that's good, and we welcome it. If the work has anything, it will prove itself, it will survive. As for the non-professional criticism, we won't answer it. We have too much work to do and too little time to do it in."

I met Dr. Masters at La Guardia Airport several weeks before the publication of his book and flew with him to St. Louis to discuss his findings at some length and to observe him at his labors, which most men would consider herculean. He is a fifty-year-old, bald, sober-faced man of middling height who works a seventy to eighty hour week yet manages, somehow, to retain a jaunty, athletic walk and some semblance of good humor. Beneath his eyes the flesh is tender and discolored with fatigue, but his spirit seems manifestly not to need rest. He delights in the struggle.

If I were casting a film I would pick him for Cotton Mather far sooner than for the Marquis de Sade, and he does in fact have the stern, didactic manner, the vitality, the moral purpose and the daemonic dedication of—well, both.

His stamina appears to be inexhaustible. We arrived in St. Louis early on a Wednesday morning, to be met at the airport by his associate, Mrs. Virginia Johnson. After a pleasant, chatty drive to his suite of offices on Forest Park Boulevard, Masters donned a long white medical coat and commenced his gynecological practice. He worked well into the afternoon, popping in when he had a free moment to contribute to the conversation between Mrs. Johnson and me. After dinner (both Masters and Johnson favor filet mignon and apparently are one-drink people) they returned to the office for an evening of laboratory work with some study subjects. The work scheduled for that night had to do with the effect of sexual activity on the heart. Early the following morning I entered the Foundation offices and found Masters alone at his desk, leafing through a medical book. He was chipper and eager to continue our discussion. I asked him how he had slept. He smiled—one of those irregular, bias-cut smiles—and explained that the work had lasted through the night. Mrs. Johnson had crumped out with fatigue earlier in the morning, but he had not been to bed and saw no reason why he shouldn't carry on through the day. He inspected slides during a hurried, intermittent sandwich lunch (while two of his three secretaries, all of whom by a mad coincidence play chess, giggled and played out a Ruy Lopez) and finally at about three in the afternoon slipped on a natty, checked sports jacket and announced that he was off to a steam bath and massage. "I wouldn't bother," he explained, "except that I'll be working tonight again." At that point he hadn't slept in more than thirty-three hours.

Significantly, in a two-page biography prepared for the benefit of the press, the section headed *Personal* consists of precisely two items of information: "Born: Cleveland, Ohio, December 27, 1915. Married, father of two children." His devotion to his epochal research is, self-evidently, all-encompassing.

What has he discovered and what exactly is it that goes on in his fiendish laboratory? You may very well ask. You won't get too many details from magazine reports that have appeared as of this writing, nor are you likely in any case to have read a rational, dispassionate, objective account. The hysteria generated by these researches has been considerable. A husband and wife writer team attempted to sign on with Masters and then write an article for a major magazine on how they had screwed for science. Masters declined to allow them to participate, adding, however, that "they did have genuine sexual problems, so they weren't entirely offering their services under false pretenses." Another national magazine contracted with a free-lance writer who claimed to have special access to the project. He then attempted to perpetrate some heinous stunt and Masters refused to allow him within a mile of his laboratory. Masters would not describe the stunt. One major men's magazine claims to have no interest in the research and another covered the story with what appears to have been a pair of college girls high on pot. Their account is squirmy, funny, and totally uninformative—as it was meant to be. With the exception of the news weeklies, not one major American magazine chose to handle the story as an event of great medical and social importance, and one which, more than likely, will prove to have affected the sexual habits and attitudes of the entire nation within a generation.

Considering the abiding interest of the ladies' magazine readers in the orgasm (the female orgasm, that is, most of them have little enough affection for the male orgasm) it is most significant that only one, as of this writing, has produced an article—and that one, on the evidence, written by a person whose last encounter with sex was a hurried glance through Marie Stopes. Managing somehow—incredibly—to avoid mentioning a single one of Masters' findings, the author concentrated all her energies on the act of being shocked. Reportorially, she fulfilled her obligation by speaking to one colleague of Masters' on the Washington University faculty who had mild reservations, and apparently to none of his colleagues who had no reservations. In addition to factual errors, she impugns the motivations of the study subjects without—as she admits—having interviewed a single one of them. Errors of omission loom large: nowhere in the article is it mentioned that the "couples" making love in the laboratory are legally mated to each other. Thus the reader is allowed to surmise that unspeakable immoralities are occurring under the aegis of medical science, and is encouraged to be shocked with the author. It is a disgraceful performance, made all the more unfortunate by the Doppelganger effect that comes into play when the Condensed Magazine reprints it, as surely it will.

The combined circulation of the five top ladies' magazines adds up to tens of millions of readers. They have been let down, they and their husbands, lovers, mailmen and TV repairmen. Many of these ladies have, for years now, been following with great interest, and in many cases unalloyed anxiety, the controversy between the eminent commentators who consider a vaginal orgasm mature and a clitoral orgasm immature, and other, equally eminent and authoritative commentators who claim there are no nerve endings in the vagina and that, consequently, there is no such thing as a vaginal orgasm, and that a clitoral orgasm is the total end, the award winner, and let the poor girl alone. Now Masters has discovered that there is no difference. That is, physiologically, a single event takes place which can be perceived either in the clitoris or the vagina, and this event is a series of contractions numbering anywhere from three to twenty-five or more. This is what all the fuss is about. Surely the readers of the five top ladies' magazines are entitled to know that thousands upon thousands of them have been hunting for fool's gold. That the august discipline of psychiatry has been selling them the Brooklyn Bridge. And, furthermore, the enormous variety which Masters has found in the female orgasm, not only in number of contractions but in duration (from a few seconds to more than a minute) ought to be heart's ease

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"All things considered, I guess he was just about the most unpopular *dictator we've ever had, wouldn't you say?"*

THE SAGA OF A SOUND

Rhythm and Blues and Rock 'n' Roll have conquered the world, but the delta blues that sired them is dying a sad but peaceful natural death.

by Pete Welding

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY McMILLAN



"The rot that is heard around the world" was the pithy phrase used recently by one wag to describe the spiraling ubiquity of American Rhythm and Blues and its later offshoot, Rock and Roll, in the last few years. And while one may question his emphatic denigration of the musical merits of the Big Beat, there can be no quarrel with his characterization of R&B as a music that is now overwhelmingly global in its appeal and practice.

For the Mods and Rockers of Great Britain, the Ye-Ye-screaming hordes of France, the leather-jacketed and denim-trousered teenagers of Japan and Sweden; in short, for the millions of postwar babies who have grown to maturity in every corner of the world, R&B—with its thunderous, hypnotic beat, the shrill overriding stridency of its amplified guitars, and the shouting, demoniac insistence of its lyrics and their message of unfulfilled adolescent love—is a common bond, a universal language that enjoys far wider currency than Esperanto can ever hope to attain. Though it will not be found in any international trade directory, R&B must rank as one of America's chief exports to the world, rivaling Coca Cola, chewing gum, and foreign aid as the glittering image of U.S. culture for many abroad.

Perhaps the best, most revealing index of the great hold the music currently exerts on the world's youth is to be found in the listings of best-selling records published weekly in the music trade press—the so-called "Top 40" charts. For the last two years or so the names of Elvis Presley, the Everly Brothers and other luminaries in the firmament of American popular music have been shouldered aside unceremoniously by those of the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Tom Jones, the Dave Clark Five, Peter and Gordon, Freddie and the Dreamers, Petula Clark, the Kinks, and Gerry and the Pacemakers—all Britons—and Françoise Hardy, a lissome young French miss, to name just a handful.

Recently, moreover, the music has come full circle, with American artists such as the gifted young poet Bob Dylan and Joan Baez, a singer with an achingly pure, *noli-me-tangere* contralto voice—both of whom were long regarded as the doyens of the uncompromisingly non-commercial U.S. folk music scene—achieving phenomenal popularity and commercial success through their adoption of the R&B approach. (The fans they gathered in their years as guardians of the pristine flame of folksong have understandably been of two minds about the pair's desertion to the other—read, popular—camp; Dylan, for example, was greeted with boos and catcalls when he appeared at the sacrosanct Newport Folk Festival in 1965 with a fully electric band.)

With the youth of the world so unswervingly committed to the hard, clamorous, insistent pulsations of R&B, the music's domination is virtually complete. Its success story is, in fact, even more spectacularly dramatic than that of jazz's steady, inexorable seepage into the world's music over the last forty years, for R&B has handily effected its much wider conquest in less than one-fourth that time. The forging of the now worldwide allegiance for R&B and the acceleration with which it was effected would furnish the sociologist a provocative, richly fruitful area for investigation, the results of which study would doubtless reveal a pattern of increasing cultural homogeneity among the world's adolescent millions.

But what of the music itself? What is R&B? How and where did it start and what is it about its loud, clamorous demands that accounts for its present world acceptance?

It is a long journey from the noisy, overcrowded teenage cellar clubs of Liverpool, England, to the dark, humid cottonfields of Stovall's Plantation in the heart of the Mississippi River delta bottomlands—from the shaggy-haired Beatles to a tall, lanky, dark-skinned Negro farmhand named McKinley Morganfield—a journey of more than three thousand miles and some twenty-five years back in time. The gap that separates the two, however, is far wider than mere miles or years: they are *worlds* apart, yet between those two poles and their vastly different worlds of experience stretches the tangled line of R&B from its simple beginnings to its richly variegated present.

The story has its beginnings with Morganfield, for it was he—using the colorful professional name by which he is best known, Muddy Waters (a childhood nickname)—who was accountable in large measure for shaping and defining the prototypes of the crude, overwhelmingly powerful brand of blues singing and playing that came to be labeled R&B in the immediate postwar years.

Born in the tiny hamlet of Rolling Fork, Miss., in 1915 and raised by his maternal grandmother in Clarksdale, a small town one hundred miles to the north, Waters was heir to a powerful and well-defined musical tradition—the harsh, potent, introspective blues of the Mississippi delta area. Employing the standard twelve-bar blues form that is familiar to most Americans (the form consists of three four-bar phrases: the first outlines a statement over the tonic chord of the key in which the singer is performing; the second phrase reiterates this statement over the subdominant chord; while the third line resolves the tension that has been created and completes the thought that has been expressed by the first two, often in an ambiguous or unexpected manner, over the key's dominant-seventh chord before returning at the line's end to the tonic chord), the great delta singers like Charlie Patton, Son House and, especially, the awesomely gifted Robert Johnson, among others, developed an extraordinarily powerful and emotionally penetrating manner of playing and singing blues that is unique to the Mississippi region. Dark and brooding, raw as an open wound, charged with a tense, disturbing power, the delta blues is among the most wildly primitive and impassioned modes of expression the Negro has evolved in the New World. (The Mississippi blues is so rawly primordial, in fact, that more than one authority has asserted that the blues itself was born in the delta.) It is a musical style that brilliantly mirrored the ugly, brutal realities of delta life, with its crippling exploitation and grinding-under of the Negro sharecropper and laborer—an exploitation all the more vicious for the systematic way in which it was carried out.

Growing to manhood in the heart of the region that had spawned and nurtured this magnificent, raw music, Waters was drawn to its stark, telling force and expressive power as inevitably as a fly to sorghum. After playing the simple harmonica for several years, the youngster began to acquire the rudiments of the guitar style for which the delta is noted.

He chose as his models House and Johnson, the undisputed masters of the region's characteristic "bottleneck" style of guitar accompaniment, so termed because the neck of a small glass bottle is slipped over a finger of the guitarist's left (or "fretting") hand and slid over the strings of the instrument, producing a whining, keening sound much like a cry. Using this method, the delta bluesman could utilize the guitar as a perfect extension of the human voice, matching with the sliding bottleneck all the dips, slurs, sliding notes and tonal ambiguity of the voice as it is used in singing the blues.

Within a year Waters had mastered the bottleneck and the jagged, pulsant rhythms of the delta guitar, and he had learned to sing powerfully and expressively in the tightly constricted, pain-filled manner that had characterized the best delta singers. By the time a team of Library of Congress field collectors headed by the redoubtable Alan Lomax visited and recorded Waters for the Library's folksong archives in 1941 and '42, he had had several years of playing experience behind him. "We played all

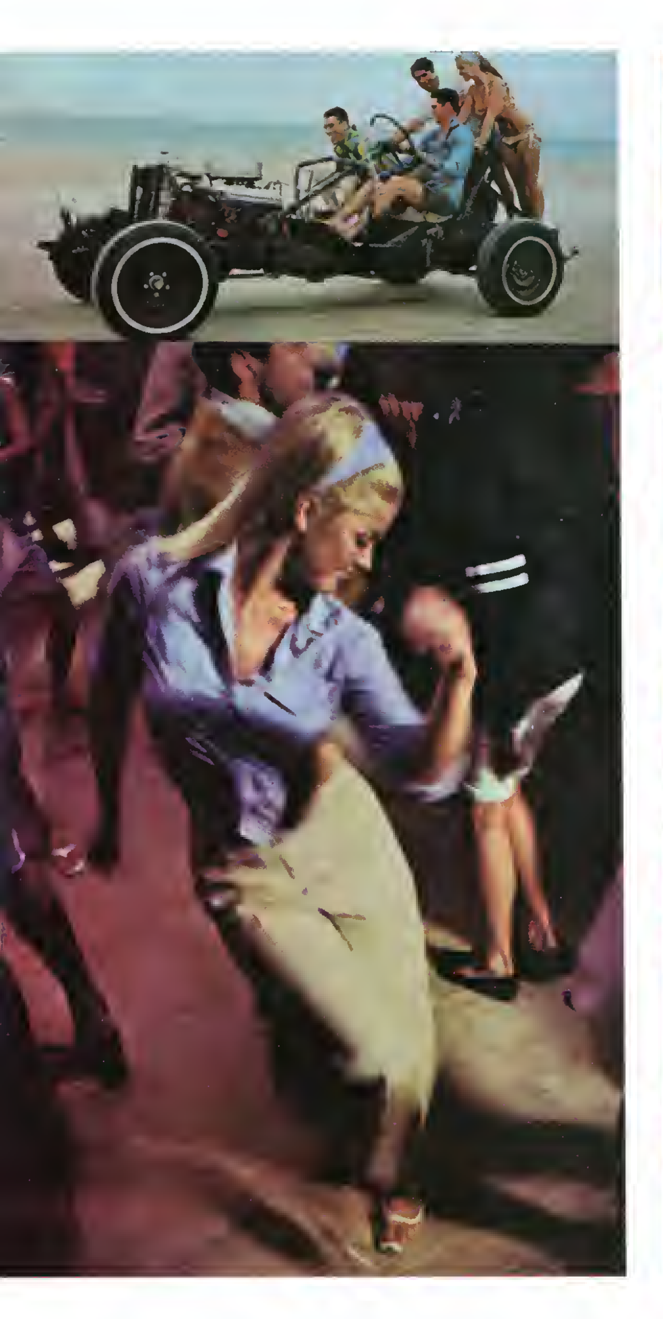
CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

Daytona! A cry of liberation to all collegians east of the Mississippi and not a few to the west, who for several years now have been pouring every spring in lemminglike hordes down the face of the continent to this town on the Florida coast. Not to destroy themselves as lemmings do, but to restore and re-create themselves. For the annual migration happens during the spring, when the academic year is two-thirds over and June is in sight. Ever since the vernal celebration of the Nile's flooding, the first days of spring have been given over to festival, orgy and rout. Therefore, elders, ask not what the younger generation is coming to. It is simply rejoicing in the grand old style at the fact of being human in the spring.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB BREUER



trip to the Sun





The girl: Suzanne Conroy
The place: Daytona Beach, Florida
The event: A Cavalier weekend
where everything is...
the boys, the girls, the action.

"I can't prove it, but I believe there can be only one time in my life when living can be this much fun, and that time is now."

trip to the Sun







Suzanne jumped at the chance to spend her weekend at Daytona under Cavalier's aegis. "I was going to go anyway—this just makes it better." She divided her time up evenly between the sportive tricks portrayed on the previous pages and some solitary meditation. "I think that a person should make a point of spending at least an hour of every day alone. That's the time when you take all the pieces of yourself you've been sharing with other people and pull them back together. It's when you take time out to remember who you are."

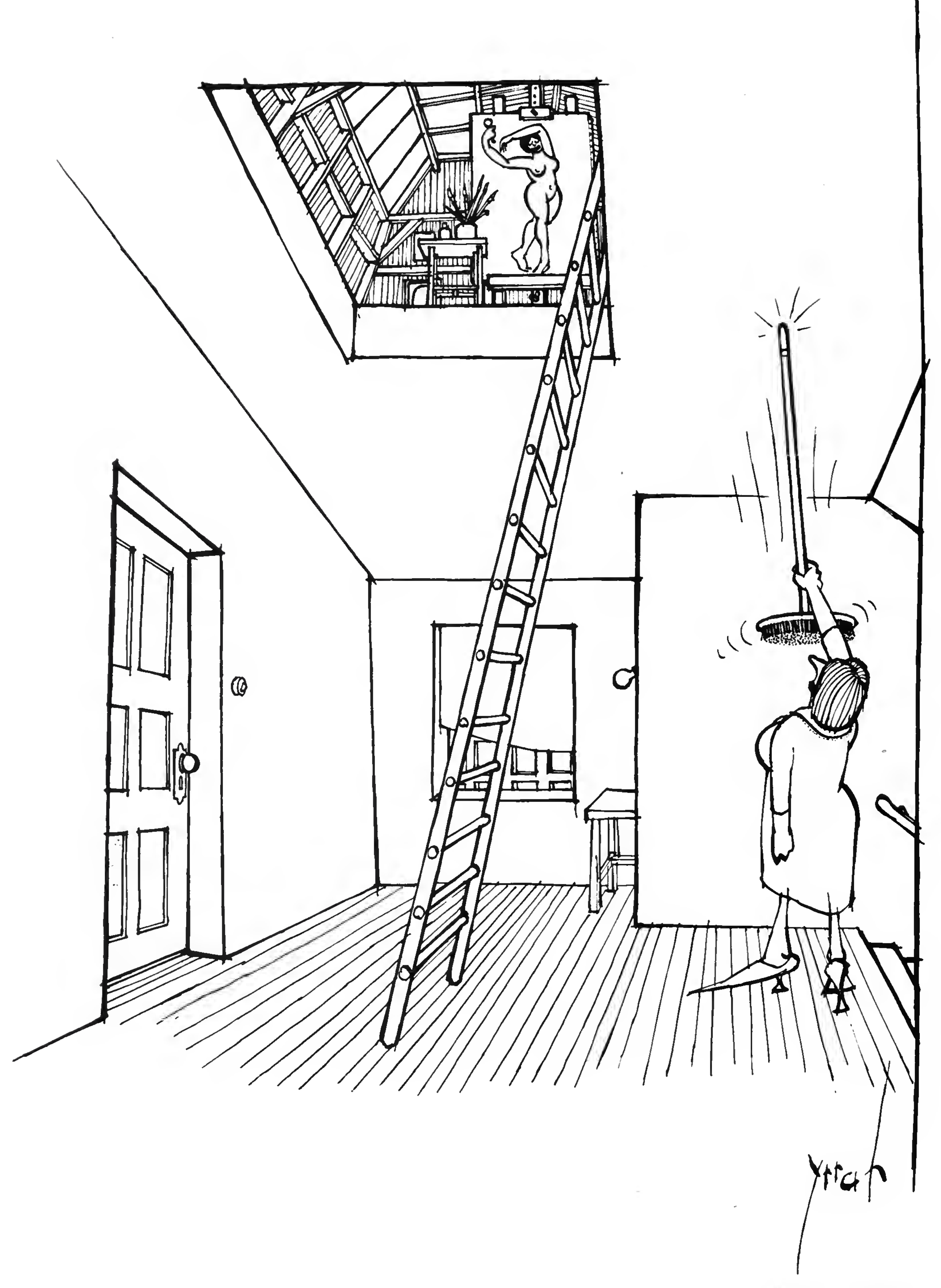
trip to the Sun

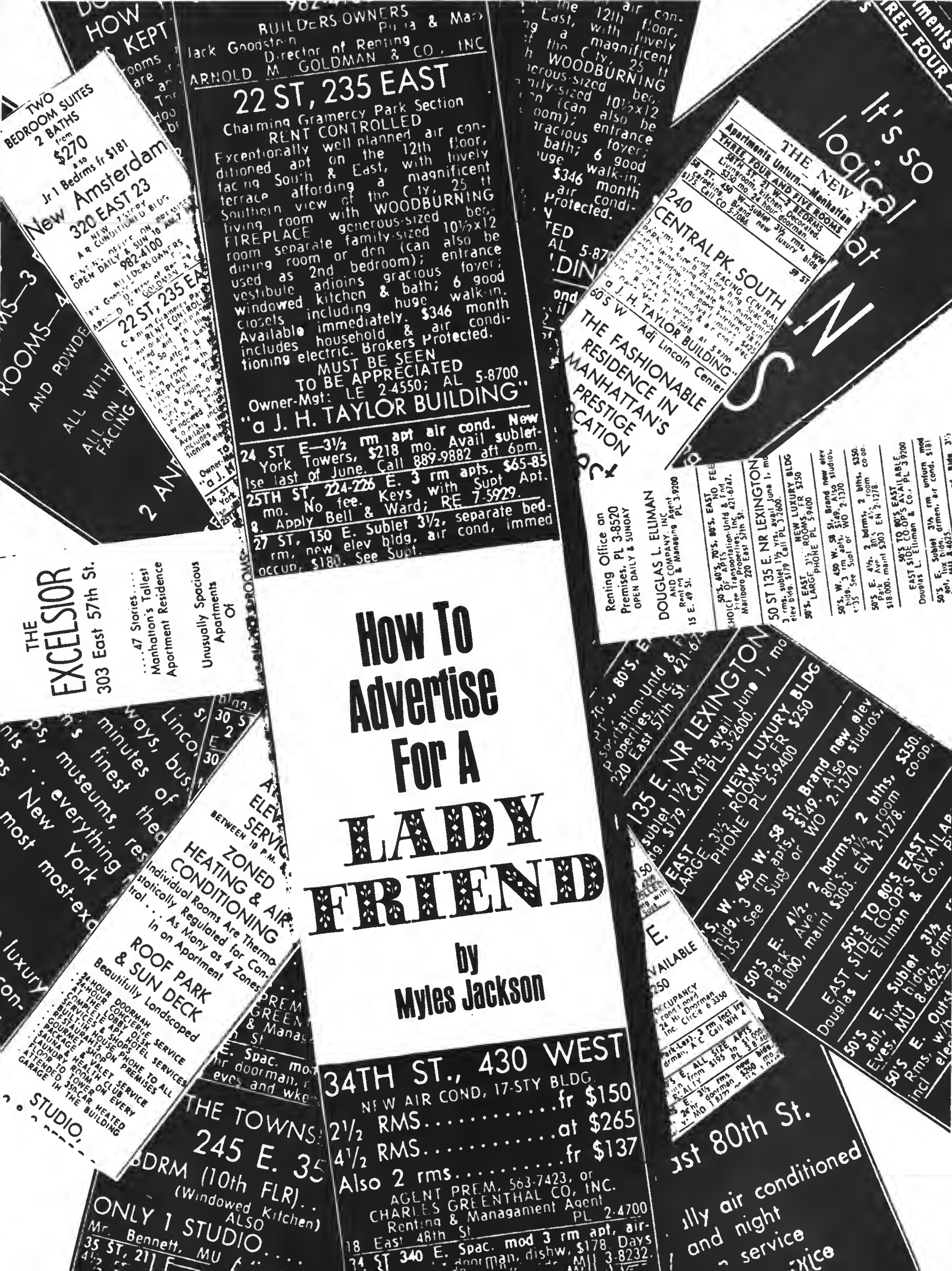






Suzanne is an English major, but like all the other students weekending at Daytona in the spring, she brought no books with her. "I love to study. I really do. And I love Chaucer and Tennyson and Eliot. Chaucer knew what spring was all about. Remember the opening lines of the *Canterbury Tales?*" We reminded her that Eliot, paraphrasing Chaucer, called April the cruelest month. "Maybe it was, back when Eliot was writing," said Suzanne. "But it's the Eliot of *Four Quartets* I believe in, not the Eliot of *The Wasteland*." Certainly the spring sunshine was kind to Suzanne. Taking herself out to the privacy of the dunes of Dynamite Beach for a sunbath she said, "I want to go back to school with a tan. All right, I'm vain. I don't like myself any the less for knowing it. I'm learning to live with me."





How To Advertise For A LADY FRIEND

by Myles Jackson

A considerable proportion of the apartment-to-share ads in the New York *Times* are placed by homosexuals who are looking for new partners or a bit of casual sport, and this is of course common knowledge; it is admitted by officials in the advertising department of the New York *Times*. That's okay with me. I judge such matters on the principle that it's a free country; but the New York *Times* apparently has another principle, because the curious fact is that genuine men are not allowed the partner-finding freedom that is given to homosexuals in the pages of the New York *Times*.

Such inconsistency in advertising policy ought to be of some concern to many *Times* readers, young and old, male and female, because solitude seems to become more common as people get packed more closely into metropolitan areas. As those characteristics of modern city living increase which cause people to become anonymous and inhuman, there are increasing numbers, large numbers, of reasonably intelligent, reasonably stable, reasonably lively, *Times*-reading genuine *men*, and women, who are solitary. That is, they do not have a good, warm, close friend of the opposite sex; nor do they have any clear prospect of finding one in the near future. And when such people notice how *easy* it is to advertise in the New York *Times* for a good, warm, close roommate of the *same* sex, or for a dog, or for just about any other object of human need whatever except a member of the opposite sex—they may wonder if there is anything peculiar about those who set the advertising policy of the New York *Times*.

Not long ago I decided that I did not want to go around thinking that in its apartment-advertising policy, an institution like the *Times* gives the impression that it is run by a bunch of perverts. Maybe the only reason they have never run an ad by a man looking for a lady friend is that no one ever tried is what I thought. So I went over there and tried. I also tried at the *Tribune*, and at the *Village Voice*.

Already I have set off a few reflexes in the minds of some readers, and before telling about the reactions I encountered at these journals, let me ask you to accept this preliminary word: I know the reflexes. For example, what *kind* of a woman would ever *answer* such an ad, even if they let you place it. And who but some dirty old man would ever *want* to place such an ad. And why go to all that trouble when all you have to do is stroll through the Museum of Modern Art and pick somebody up. Or join the Democratic Party. Or demonstrate for Civil Rights. And what seems to be your *trouble*. One also assumes that I am deformed in some way, so I think it is not unseemly to note that I earn a decent living doing work of a more or less professional nature, and the job label appears in the organization chart of a respectable-sounding business enterprise. I own a couple of tailor-made suits and I'm in excellent physical condition.

My trouble is merely that I find myself to be one of the large number of *Times*-reading men in the big city who are solitary. If you don't think this state of being is sociologically significant, consider that David Susskind not long ago devoted an *Open End* program to one commercial aspect of it: "marriage" brokers and dance-club entrepreneurs. And everybody knows that Arthur Murray makes his millions not because all those lifetime-lesson people are so stupid it takes them that long to learn the rhumba, but simply because they are easily convinced it takes a lifetime and a lot of money to find a friend, things being the way they are nowadays.

If many people are willing to pay $5,000 or even $500 to find a friend of the opposite sex—that is, a true spiritual-sexual-sociological-psychological-friend-partner-mate (or mental-sexual partner, for short), then the problem must be significant. There ought to be a way of increasing the efficiency and lowering the expense in this matter. It seems to me that there ought to be a way of applying modern techniques of scientific advertising and cost-effectiveness to everyman's search for a true mental-sexual partner.

There is such a way, and you can describe it by replacing only a word in the *Times*' own advertising slogan: "I got my mental-sexual partner through the New York *Times*."

It is a question of lowering the odds-against. That is what advertising can do for you. The bigger the city, the more potential true mental-sexual partners exist, but the more difficult it is to find them.

It is like trying to find orchids in a trackless jungle. In a metropolitan mass the size of New York there are at least 100 persons who would make exceptionally good mental-sexual partners for any individual male or female you care to name—for any noble savage, any hopeless dullard, any crackpot, brilliant champion or creepy faggot. But this metropolitan mass consists of maybe 10,000,000 people (never mind kids and grandparents). If we cut the number in half to eliminate locked-in married couples and untouchables, we still have 5,000,000 people among whom we must search for the 100 we want. That is, the odds are 50,000 to one *against* meeting a true mental-sexual partner on random acquaintance. Divide that by ten to account for natural concentrations of roughly like-interested people in business or social groups. The odds-against are still 5,000 to one. Say a thousand to one, just to be conservative. It still remains a situation that the New York *Times* ought to study in the light of a possible

(continued on page 36)

modification in advertising policy.

(Some people will say that I have not given enough weight to the odds-reducing effect of natural concentrations of like-interested people. They say, for example, "See how easy it is for people to meet at bingo parties, Greenwich Village cafes, and Marches for Good Causes." Not so. In such places it may be easy to meet *people,* but exceptionally good mental-sexual partners—very little change in the odds. This is especially true in the case of persons who have genuine free intelligence. They always have a tough time finding mental-sexual partners, and it doesn't help to join a bingo party or any other kind of party. You join a party and you carry a card. You carry a card and that becomes your mind. In this analysis I am mainly concerned with people who have made a reasonable effort to keep their minds from getting stamped on a card, and who are looking for *mental*-sexual partners.)

Now, let us ignore for a moment those stock reflexes against the basic concept of advertising in the *Times* for a mental-sexual partner of the opposite sex. Let us consider the *Times* with the professional objectivity of true business people. Regard it only as an *instrument for reducing the odds against getting what we want,* and indeed what we must have in order to live like civilized human beings; to live at least like healthy animals. Consider it a system that is able to find objects of individual want with infinitely greater efficiency than if we went out to hunt through the jungle on foot. That is precisely how we regard the *Times* in respect to practically every other human want except this one.

Then let us assume that the *Times* next Sunday divorces itself from the influence of its peculiar socio-religious tradition and bases its apartment-advertising policy entirely on the principle that man-woman wants are primary wants, and that intelligence rather than chance should mainly determine our access to potential mental-sexual partners.

Let us try to be a little realistic here, too: Assume that the *Times* understands how, by allowing such ads as I suggest, it would channel most of Arthur Murray's money into its own till.

What would happen? In one stroke the whole man-woman advertising concept would be given august respectability. Whatever the *Times* accepts is acceptable, and readers all over the nation would instantly understand that man-woman, mental-sexual advertising is fitting and proper. The appearance of advertisements placed by men who want to find good true women would be considered no more out of the way than the appearance of advertisements placed by manufacturers who want to find good and true customers for cigarettes that are known to cause cancer. An ad designed to lead to friendship and possibly love between two people of opposite sexes would be considered just as acceptable as an advertisement for a network children's-hour television program in which one will see many close-up shots of men and women killing each other in every position you can imagine.

All right. I put most of the foregoing commentary into a nutshell and told it to the man in the advertising department of the New York *Times* who acts as a kind of ad censor. He was a decent sort and took it in good spirits.

I told him I thought my ad ought to go in the amusement section, for optimum exposure.

"Hardly," he smiled. "And besides, that section is for *amusements.*"

His response to my belief in the amusement-potential of my ad boiled down to the idea that mine was not a formal business offer of amusement. I wasn't actually selling anything. (He was responding in a technical manner, you see, going along with it. No wisecracks.)

I said he appeared to open the way for me to advertise myself as an escort, in the amusement section, provided the ladies paid me a fee for the service.

No, he said, (chuckle) hardly. "Why don't you try this idea at the *Village Voice?* After all, this sort of thing is quite in keeping with their tradition, I should think, whereas we. . . ."

I pressed him a little more about placing my ad in the apartment-to-share section. I said I assumed he knew that many of the ads now running in those columns are placed by homosexuals looking for free amusement.

Yes, he acknowledged that was true. They received a complaint about it once in a while. But what were they going to do? There was no way to screen them out; the ads did nothing more than describe an apartment. The *Times* could, however, and did make sure that every such ad reads "man" to share with "man" or "same," and so on. He said any such apartment-to-share ad, properly worded, describes nothing more than a business arrangement and therefore is legitimate. The *Times* could hardly be expected to investigate each advertiser's private affairs.

I figured I had him there, and if plain logic in any way affected the advertising policy of the New York *Times,* my ad was in. If I advertised forthrightly for a lady friend, I said, assuming civilized wording, and if the ad found me a good mental-sexual partner—quite possibly that might lead to an apartment-sharing arrangement between us. Plain business—no more, no less, so far as you could tell from the wording. He suggested that was perhaps the main reason why the ad would be unacceptable.

Well then, I said, did the *Times* regard a man-woman sharing arrangement as inherently less businesslike than a man-man or woman-woman arrangement? And, if so, didn't this assume that the *Times* would pry for meanings beyond the plain business language of the man-woman ad? And wouldn't it be true that the *Times* would want to know where each of us would sleep in a shared apartment? And wouldn't the *Times* assume we would sleep together—nay, and more than just sleep together? And wasn't the *Times* telling me that such an arrangement is inherently unacceptable? That is, between two people of opposite sex. And isn't it true that the *Times* does no such prying, makes no such assumptions, in the case of people who are advertising for intimate living relations with members of the same sex?

At this he chuckled again, good sport to the last. "Well, you know," he said, "The *Times* has always been noted for its conservatism. Pictures of lingerie, for instance. It took World War II to get us to allow actual photographs in those ads. Come around in ten years with your ad, and . . . who knows? Better make it twenty years. But if I were you I'd try the *Village Voice*. You've got the right readership there, for one thing. And I seem to remember seeing ads like this in the London *Times* . . ."

"The London *Times?*" I said, "and the readership there . . ."

"Yes, I'm sure I've seen ads like that in the London *Times.* Of course London *is* a long way off. . . ."

After I left the *Times* I went to a foreign periodical store on 42nd Street and bought two weeks' back issues of the London *Times.* There were plenty of "personals," but no ads for mental-sexual partners or anything like it. The grass is greener, the hay more resilient on the other side.

Then I went over to the then *Herald Tribune.* I got CONTINUED ON PAGE 84



THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED WATCHDOGS OF FLEET STREET

By Bob Abel



London Evening Standard

"VERY WELL, ALONE."

David Low was the greatest of them all. His 1940 cartoon above has become a world-famous classic. Runner-up for all-time honors was Vicky (Victor Weisz), who in 1963 drew the comment below on De Gaulle's visit to Germany just after President Kennedy's.

London Evening Standard

"COME ON IN, CHARLES—JACK'S JUST LEFT."

In only one place in the world does the genus cartoonus politicus flourish in its ferocious primal state. A visit with the incorrigible ink-slingers of England.

To begin, a lamentation: Once upon a Camelot – and no fairy tale follows – the political cartoonist in America was really Something Else, to use the argot of our native music. He made waves. High ones. *Real* ones. For instance, Thomas Nast waged war for ten years and helped reduce the notorious Tammany Hall machine of "Boss" Tweed to the state of being a paper tiger, and one behind bars to boot. Then he set out to defoliate the political aspirations of Horace Greeley. Art Young's cartoons for *The Masses* were so radical that the government entered them as prosecution evidence when it indicted that socialist magazine in 1917 for obstructing the war effort. Homer Davenport helped repeal the Eighteenth Amendment (Prohibition) and Rollin Kirby ridiculed the constipated morality of the Bluenose. When the Ku Klux Klan rode high, Edmund Duffy exposed the mindlessness beneath the white hoods. Herbert Block (Herblock) savaged the witch-hunting expeditions of Senator McCarthy, and when Richard Nixon set out to run for President in 1960, he is said to have told party workers, "I have to erase the Herblock image first."

Well, Herblock is still around, though regrettably not in the best of health, and Bill Mauldin is right up there with him, and there *are* a few other iconoclasts among the nation's political – or editorial, if you will – cartoonists. But that proud tradition of making waves is currently at low tide. In 1960 and again last year, no



Manchester Guardian

"WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW – IT DOES SAY SOMETHING ABOUT RACE, COLOUR OR CREED!"

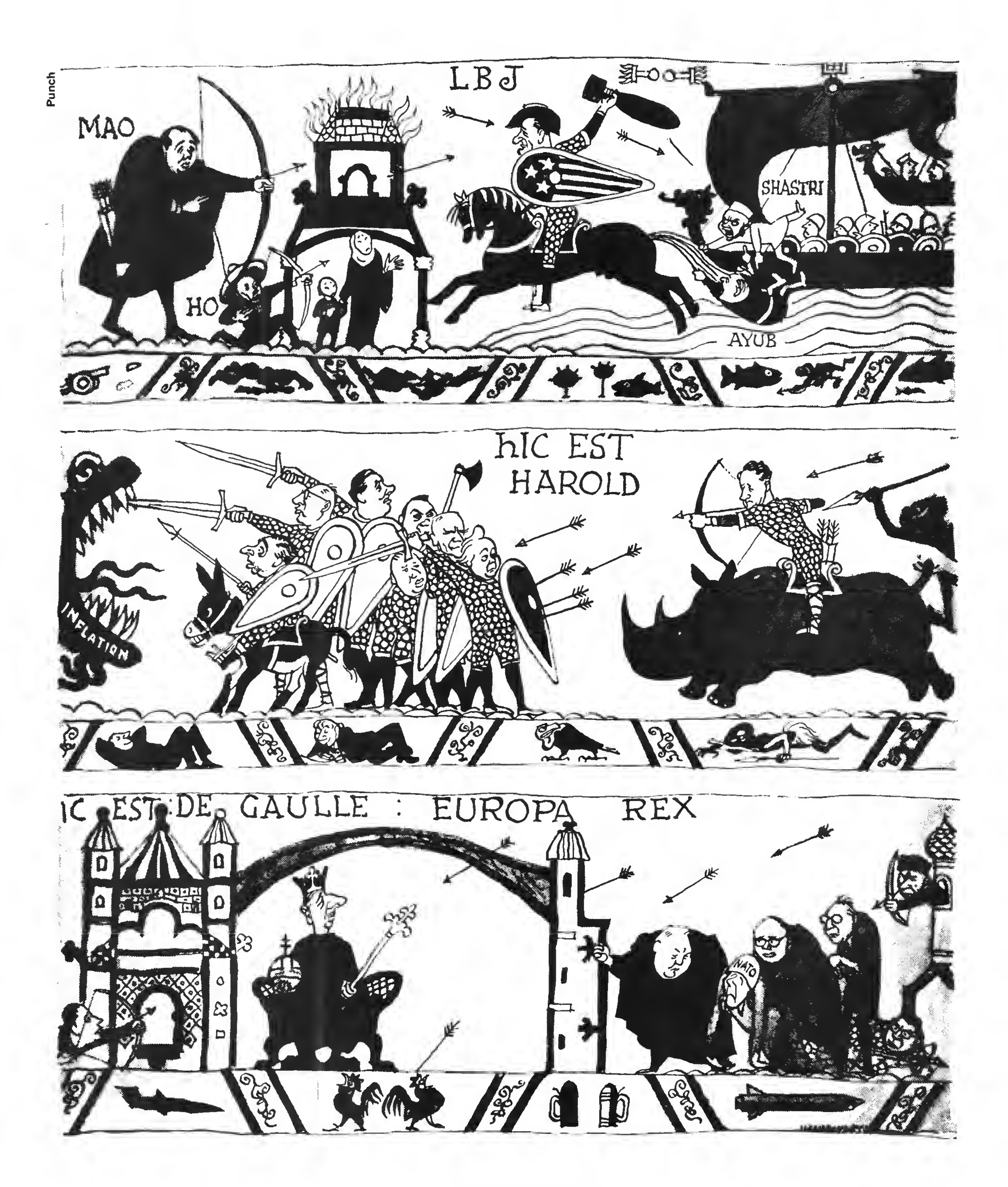
British cartoonists find a perpetual source of amusement in the more embarrassing problems of other nations, as does William Pappas (above) with America's racial problems and as Michael Cummings did (below) at an early stage of the Sino-Soviet quarrel.



Daily Express

"BUT, MY DEAR CHAP – YOU SURELY DON'T BELIEVE THAT GOD'S AN OLD MAN WITH A BEARD, IN THE SKY?"

Leslie Illingworth uses a brilliant parody of William the Conqueror's Bayeaux tapestries to sum up the state of world politics in 1966.



1966 AND ALL THAT

editorial cartoon was deemed worthy of receiving the Pulitzer Prize. Far more outspoken than most of his fellows – and no stranger to Pulitzer Prizes himself – Bill Mauldin has often criticized the sad estate of his kind of commentary in America. "Political cartooning," he said recently, "is becoming milder and blander and is falling into disrepute. We should be more than editorial-page illustrators." Another hardnose, Frank Interlandi, syndicated cartoonist of the Los Angeles *Times,* takes an even darker view of the field: "We have no real influence. We're parasites clinging to the headlines." And Britain's Ronald Searle, one of the world's foremost humorous artists, eschews any traditional English understatement when commenting on our political cartoons. They are, he said not too long ago, "absolutely terrible – they aim at too many people and they aim at tying in too closely with editorial policy."

All chauvinism aside, Searle knows whereof he speaks with forked tongue. Although he is a caricaturist and illustrator rather than a cartoonist, his peer group in England includes that nation's outstanding political cartoonists. Moreover, and by way of embarrassing (to us) contrast, these gents are doing jolly well by their own venerable tradition of art for polemics' sake – a lineage which includes the great Hogarth and Rowlandson, James Gillray, John Tenniel of *Punch* (and *Alice in Wonderland* fame), and more recently, Sir David Low. Indeed, Low single-handedly restored the bite to English cartooning after too many years of *sotto voce* commentary inspired by the vapours of Victorian sensibility.

Sir Winston Churchill – no less a Low target than Prime Ministers Chamberlain and Baldwin before him – called the New Zealand-born Low "the greatest of all modern cartoonists," whereas Low himself was content to suggest as his own epitaph, "Here lies a nuisance who was dedicated to sanity." Over more than five decades of cartooning, he saw that if "sanity" was not to be found among the great arch-villains of this century, it also wasn't necessarily a possession of our leading statesmen. "To me there has always seemed more stupidity than wickedness in the world," he once said, and his inspired response to Tory reactionary thinking and sentimentality was to reduce it to absurdity in the cartoon person of Colonel Blimp. The Colonel, much given to Turkish baths, was a fatuous, cliché-eating walrus of a man who looked forward and saw backward, who spoke not from intelligence but from faint heart. During the 1930s, when others were preaching appeasement, Low provoked Hitler to such an extent that the German leader actually filed a formal protest with the British government. "I have learned from experi-

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Gerald Scarfe.

Private Eye

It is doubtful whether any American political cartoonist would caricature a President as savagely as Gerald Scarfe (above) did Prime Minister Home. A gentler sort of humor is displayed below in Trog's doubts on the efficacy of birth control through rhythm.



"BUT THAT'S JUST IT, FATHER, I HAVEN'T HAD A SAFE PERIOD AGAIN."

paul krassner's column



play on the symbols

I was once just an average kid hanging around and making noise with the other neighborhood delinquents, when this angry lady leaned out the window and screamed: "Get the hell outa here, ya dirty *juveniles!*" So I went inside and started playing with words, and I've been practicing it to excess ever since.

What reminds me of that original case of *epithet interruptus* is a message printed on the door to the cellar of my apartment house: *"Anyone* Found in This Basement, Without Permission"— and that's the end of it. Not even a drawing of somebody's fist threatening you.

I occasionally see a sign that says "Keep This Door Closed When Not in Use" and I wonder, each time, when *is* a door not in use? If it's open, does that mean it's failing to keep the outside out and the inside in?

A word is simply a specific combination of letters to symbolize a thing or concept that already exists. But people tend to take their symbols very seriously.

On television, the bleeped-out word has run the gamut from "toilet" to "God." On the Gypsy Rose Lee show, reference to LeRoi Jones's play *The Toilet* came on the home screen as *The Bleep-eep.* On *Candid Camera* and the Johnny Carson show, God is dead along with all the other dirty words taken in vain.

A guest on the Merv Griffin show was asked what his face looks like without his beard, and he replied: "Like a baby's ass." What came off the screen was, "Like a baby's *bleep.*" They knew the word would be censored out before the tape could be telecast, so for the benefit of the viewing audience they translated it right then and there as being synonymous with "bottom."

TV taboos have been broken, though.

In a discussion of censorship on the Alan Burke show, the city of Blue Ball in Pennsylvania—from which Ralph Ginzburg had wanted to mail circulars advertising *Eros* magazine — was mentioned without becoming Blue *Bleep* in the process. And a group of mothers—Jewish, Italian, Irish and Negro—talked about the possibility of their sons becoming "fags" on, appropriately enough, David Susskind's *Open End.*

The word "faggot" was left in the film *Harper*, but our culture is now at the ludicrous point where a former Presidential assistant, Jack Valenti, now head of the Motion Picture Association of America, is getting paid $175,000 a year to decide whether "hump the hostess" should be deleted from *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

Perhaps you recall a radio commercial in which an obnoxious youngster called out, "More Park Sausages, Mom!" You wanted to give him a judo chop in the esophagus so that he'd never eat another sausage in his life. I was doing a weekly bit on WBAI, the non-commercial FM station, and one Saturday afternoon I opened up with "More Park Sausages, You Mother!"

People called in to complain about that.

The girl at the switchboard didn't quite know how to handle the situation.

"Now, just what did Mr. Krassner say?"

"He said *mother."*

"I'm afraid I don't see what's wrong with that. You know—baseball, apple pie, mother, flag, patriotism . . ."

"Well, he said it as half a word."

This was truly inspiring, and so the next week I went on the air and I said "finger."

The calls came in again.

"Yes, what did he say this time?"

"He said *finger.*"

"I really don't understand."

"Look, the Federal Communications Commission is cracking down on licenses. Why endanger yours?"

"But, *finger*?"

"Well, that's a noun, but he said it as a verb."

Although objecting to words is essentially irrational, I can empathize with the cultural conditioning which can go so far as to bring on the same emotional connotations of *substitute* words.

The Fugs may be a rock 'n' roll group, but to many their name is merely an alternate profanity invented by Norman Mailer in *The Naked and the Dead.*

Another synonymn is "frig"—and when there was a nuclear protest boat in the news, I was shocked to hear Chet Huntley mention a "frigate in the Atlantic Ocean."

On *my* television set?

"David?"

"Frigate in the Pacific Ocean."

Switch to CBS for Walter Cronkite.

"Frigate in the Indian Ocean."

ABC, Peter Jennings.

"Frigate in the Great Lakes."

Similarly, I always get embarrassed when passing a haberdashery store which has a sign in the window calling attention to *Windbreakers.*

I become enraged upon reading that Congress is planning to hold a *joint session* . . . on taxpayers' money!

It took a two-year-old to give me a basic lesson in this interchangeability of symbols. To a baby the word "change" represents a fresh pair of diapers. And when

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"Careful, he may know judo."



This strange man who is at the center of so many strange things happening in American culture, what is he all about?

A Cavalier Interview by Sterling McIlhenny and Peter Ray / Introduction by Nat Finkelstein

Are you ready world? Here he comes! It's ANDY! It's Ann-DY! IT'S! ANN! DEE! Warhol!! Fan Tas Tic. Here he comes! Are? You? Ready?? Silver hair, sunglasses, blue contact lenses, entouraged, Gerard Malanga'd, Danny Williamsed, a five—FIVE!!—piece rock and roll band, electric amps and all and ARE YOU READY? EDIE SEDGWICK, Bobby Dylan, Brian and Mick and Henry plump Henry Geldzahler, down from the Metropolitan and Salvador Dali and . . . There he is, it's ANN DEE it's Birdee riding the Wave of THE Jet Set Disco Theque beautiful people fun pop Batman Robin Camp Shazam Wow Zap pop crowd and Are you Ready? Susan Sontag Too!! New York London, Venice, Margaret Tony Mick Marilyn at Modern Art Flowers in Philadelphia, PHILADELPHIA, How Mar-Vel-OUS Mobbed! Lit! ER! ALLY! Mobbed in Philadelphia FAN!! TAS!! TIC!! ARE YOU READY, Miss Lonely? Campbell's soup—Liz Taylor—Electric chairs—Jackie 'n' Jack—Arthur—The SCENE—The STONES—underground Movies—and he's only 35. It's been a long road from New York's high school of Music and ART. His prices start at $250 and go up to $5,000 and last year he sold—ARE YOU READY?—1,000 one thousand ONE THOUSAND paintings ONE THOUSAND Factory, mass produced, assistant-done, silk screened, photo REPRODUCED, cruel, unsentimental, machine-like, that's right, *machine-like* paintings, people, electric chairs, mass produced, tedium-induced, purposely banal, nasty(?) paintings. Unsigned, cliché carved, stereo-typed, dehumanized, mass mediaized paintings. Carefully contrived exact, disciplined—oh yes he is disciplined—paintings. One Thousand, and Andy is broke. But don't fret, sweets, Birdee's still alive, it's a New Year, more shows, more movies, more Marcelled Sassooned young men, more short cropped black leathered young ladies. The Factory will swing. The cash register will ring. The music will wail and tomorrow will never come today.

Many frugs ago, Andy was married (sob!) and was a highly paid fashion illustrator, and then one day some one gave him an easel and asked him what he would like to paint. "MONEY!" he replied, and started his career. The Time was ripe, abstract was going out, Pop was coming in, and Andy, whose image is carefully contrived to be an innocuous enigma, was in the right place at the right time with the right product—HIMSELF!—The powerful Leo Castelli gallery, headed by Ivan Karp, was signing a stable of POP ARTISTS and gave Andy a contract along with CLAES OLDENBURG, Roy Lichtenstein, and Robert Rauschenburg. Andy (Birdee to his intimates) was packaged and promoted and picked up by magnificent, beautiful Henry Geldzahler *L'enfant Terrible* of New York's Metropolitan Museum and soon was a MUST!! in every nouveau post world War II wealth enriched collection. Edith Seull, Leon Kraushar, Ileana Sonnabend, Edward Janss, why anybody who was anybody owned a Warhol. And then it was 1962! Oh, beautiful 1962! A Banner year, the year, a Fan!! TAS!! TIC!! YEAR! 50 Campbell Soup Cans, 100 Coke bottles, 200 one dollar bills and ARE YOU READY? Gerard!! Gerard Malanga a bleached blond poet with a face like a Michelangelo Angel. A Neopolitan cherub with a motor cyclist's swagger who came to Andy's studio looking for a job. He never left. Andy took him home (a deserted firehouse) and while the phonograph played "the music goes round and round" Gerard looked through Andy's scrapbooks and became Andy's assistant, Andy's companion, Andy's friend and Andy's Gerard. Do you hear that, Miss Lonely? All that in 1962 and underground movies too! Long drawn out underground movies, tedious boredom exploring underground movies, a 20 minute kiss, a 2 hour mushroom eat, an 8 hour sleep, a 12 hour view of The Empire State Building. The camera never moves, the focus never changes, the audience has been known to storm the projection booth, but Andy was getting publicity and learning how to use a camera. Then came Jane Baby Holzer, Mrs. Leonard Holzer. Pretty, wealthy, aggressive. Andy, hard work and publicity made her "The Girl of The Year." She starred in his underground movies was featured in the popular magazines, was interviewed on television, made the gossip columns, opened the discotheques. It was The Scene—Andy and Gerard and Jane. *Life, Time, Show,* wow! then Jane left and Edie came. Edie Sedgwick. The poor little rich girl, the new super star, the current girl of the year. Now the camera moves, the lens focuses, but still the mood is tedium and death, still the preoccupation perversion, the cast queers and hustlers, and now it's The Velvet Underground, an atonal, cacophonous rock and roll group and the Factory, Andy's studio, is painted silver and you can look right into the gymnasium of a U.M.C.A., and even the John is silver, and even the phone is silver, and even Dan Nee Williams's watch strap is silver, and even Andy's hair is silver; like a silver coated Hershey's chocolate kiss and now even the Art is silver, huge balloons made of silver vinyl like a silver coated Hershey's chocolate kiss 'cause that was Andy's childhood phantasy, to be a silver

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NAT FINKELSTEIN MODIFIED BY FRED BURRELL

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ANDY WARHOL

THE DEATH TABLE

Wait for the spin of the roulette wheel at midnight . . .

by
Bruce
Jay
Friedman



ILLUSTRATION BY C. WHITE III



In Europe, Gorsline got wind of a small printed card that told each man exactly how he would die. The *concierge* at his hotel in Paris was the first to refer to it, in tattered English, but then the man had segued into anecdotes of a favorite cousin's treatment at the hands of the Nazis and there had been no getting him back on the subject. At a furious, drunken Soho party, Gorsline thought he'd heard a British jazz critic mention a certain "death table," but the man had gone off to do discothèque dances with two girls from Jackson Heights and Gorsline had had to let him slip away. One printed reference to the card existed, a letter to an English language newspaper in Rome, asking about it and whether it was possible to see one. The newspaper said that it had heard of the card, too, but had never been able to get hold of a copy. It touted the letterwriter, M.L. of Sussex, on to *The Prophet* by Kahlil Gibran.

Gorsline had always wondered how long he would live, where he would die, whether there would be loved ones; but more than anything, he was starved with curiosity to know exactly what the deal would be, a long drawn out thing, one of those blessed swift affairs, or something in between. He was really out of his mind to know and thought it was unfair that there was no way to get an advance tip, which surely would not hurt anyone or upset the large order of things in the slightest. It seemed to Gorsline that if you found out, you would simply take a deep breath and go about your business, but at least the goddamned suspense would be ended. Why all the secrecy?

One night, Gorsline took his wife gambling at Beaulieu, where he gave her some money for *boule* and then went deeper into the casino to play *trente et quarante*. He could not stand to gamble with anyone he knew around, feeling corseted and awkward. Driving home, later, his wife seemed unusually silent, her face pursed and grim. Gorsline asked her if she was feeling all right and she said, "I was waiting to get away from there. It's nothing, except that it got me all upset. I was standing and watching the roulette table and this man, I don't know whether you noticed him, he had white lips, he kept moving from one end of the table to the other and every time he moved he'd brush up against me, against my top. I thought I was imagining things, and I'd move back and give him plenty of room, but then he'd do it again, my top and lower,

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON VOGEL



GAEL AU GO GO

An Irish lass discovers that a talent for art and a love for the Watusi will take her pretty far.





Second only to politics as an occupation for the Irish in America have been the communications arts. For example there's Heather O'Doherty, herewith pictured. Heather came to this country in 1958. She went into the advertising business as soon as she got here, but oddly enough in an area that doesn't call for much, if any, blarney, the art end of the business. "Talking doesn't help much in what I do," Heather says. "It's right there on paper, and you've either got it or you don't." At the moment she holds down a spot in the art department at Parker Advertising, one of Los Angeles' top creative agencies. Above, she works on a layout for the agency's Datsun account, and listens to her boss expound some of the finer points of four-color printing.











Going home after a long day spent over a hot drawing board, Heather usually devotes her evenings to one of two sorts of recreation. At left it's a busman's holiday sort of thing—painting. Her favorite subject is flowers. "I guess I have the Irish love of growing things," she explains. "And flowers are a prettier subject than potatoes." Her other preferred activity is frugging it up with a date (below) at The Action. "My Watusi has just a touch of an old country reel thrown in," Heather says. "You might say my dancing has an Irish accent—sort of a brogue au go go."







PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENE TRINDL





THE BIG BIKE BOOM

SO HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR BLUE-EYED BOY NOW, MR. HONDA?

Just ten years ago, the word *motorcycle* conjured up the vision of a brute of a machine – cluttered with saddle bags, handle-bar streamers and gaudy patterns of multicolored reflectors.

The man who rode it wore a standard uniform of heavy black leathers (pants, jacket, kidney belt, and boots) topped by gestapo-style officer cap, replete with winged wheel insignia. Bike, jacket and kidney belt were usually studded with chrome-plated buttons.

They traveled in packs like hungry wolves. It was a rowdy crowd – rough and wild. They wore earrings, sported long hairdos and tattoos, were generally unkempt and often dirty. Trouble was their middle name.

Public reaction to this organized mayhem was a mixture of fear, outrage, or at best, suspicion. The heavy bikes and their black-uniformed riders were as welcome, most places, as a visitation of the Locust.

Today, however, motorcycling is the newly found pastime of several hundred thousand citizens of all ages. Pessimists will count the movement as another hula hoop fad – or maybe *two* hula hoops with an engine and seat between. Statistics indicate otherwise, as does analysis of the growth. The surge which has developed into such a graphic upswing began less than a decade ago, but its progress is undiminished and shows little indication of a tapering off, despite the predictions of the crystal ball crews both within and outside the industry.

Certainly one reason for the continuing and accelerating growth of 'cycling as a universal leisure-time activity is the "image" being so fiercely promoted by the machines' distributors in this country. Ten years ago, motorcyclists who fit the image were a minority, but so successful has been the campaign that the "ideal" is now the norm.

Gone are the grubby little back-alley motorcycle shops with their grease-clad floors and often equally greasy owners. In their stead have sprung up bright and clean dealerships with showrooms rivaling and surpassing those of autodom. Managers, salespeople and shop personnel are conservatively dressed and articulate of speech.

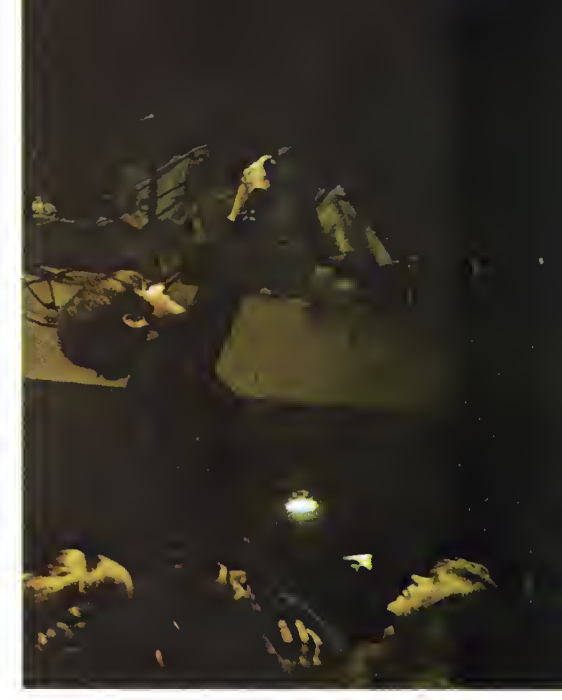
This bootstrap operation has come about because millions of dollars each year are being spent to continually elevate the status of the motorcycle and those who enjoy them. Even the term *motorcycle* has been strenuously avoided by some in order to avoid any degrading connotations which might be attached. Others have coined the term "sportcycle" and promoted its use. The majority prefer to call a spade a spade, making efforts to assure that all the world *loves* a spade.

Shortly after the second World War, a rekindling of inter-

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GENE ANTHONY / BLACK STAR

The Great San Francisco Mind-quake

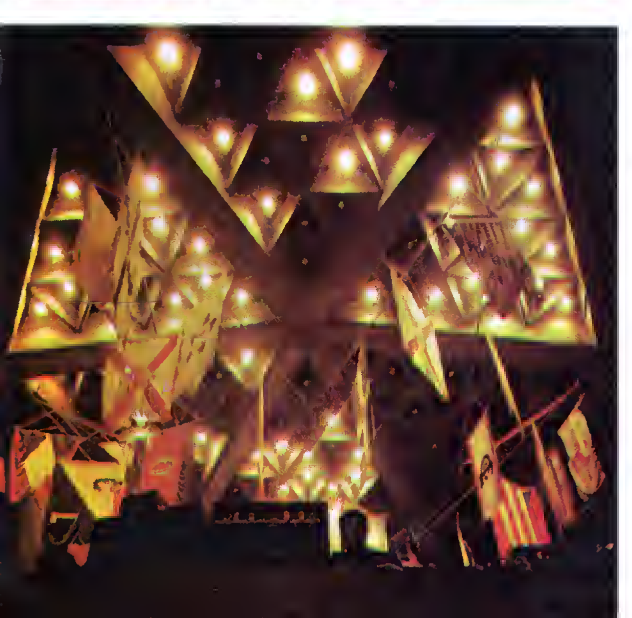
In the middle of the psychedelic revolution, the Far West hit a massive drugless high—a sort of psychological Mardi Gras.

by ARNE PASSMAN

The whole show was black humor, space-freak. It was an arabesque charivari of baroque beasts and flaming creatures turning on to the vibrations of Chaos. As seen in these pictures, fylfot a-flying, madness reigned withal.







The weekend that was in San Francisco—and it's been nowhere else, man—was three days at the geodetically grandiose Longshoremen's Hall by Fisherman's Wharf. What was it? The premiere Trips Festival, a phantasmagoric powwow of the Bay area's psychedelic frontiersmen. Their audio-visual experimentation, among other things, has made it possible for them (at times) to go around the world without leaving their living rooms, and it was time to toss it all together—kilowatts happening in an up-for-grabs see and hear salad.

A festival leaflet described the Trip as an "electronic performance—a new medium of communication & entertainment." It went on: "The general tone of things has moved on from the self-conscious happening to a more JUBILANT occasion where the audience participates because it's more fun to do so than not. Maybe this is the ROCK REVOLUTION. Audience dancing is an assumed part of all the shows, & the audience is invited to wear ECSTATIC dress & bring their own GADGETS. (a.c. outlets will be provided)."

Ken Kesey, the founder of the festival, has defined a Trip as "rounding third base, crossing the five-yard line—trying to close the circle that doesn't close." Kesey, whose "Acid Test" was the apex of the weekend, is rumored to be in Mexico and has not been seen since The Trips.

Actually, the slang usage of "Trip" seems to have come out of the increased taking of LSD during the last year, and many of the participants of the festival were stoned out of their gourds. Whether this defeated its purpose is hard to say.

Marshall McLuhan, who was invited to appear, says, "Today, after more than a century of electronic technology, we have extended our central nervous system itself in a global embrace, abolishing both space and time as far as our planet is concerned."

The Trips Festival was billed as a "drugless psychedelic experience," and the pervasiveness of light and sound that was brought together would ideally seem to reject the use of LSD and marijuana in its celebration. However, most of the initiators of the Son of Edison extravaganza felt that those who weren't tripped out to begin with had little chance of reaching contact high. And they generally conceded that the weekend, with its highs and lows, was artistically unsatisfactory. However, it was a commercial smash. Producer Bill Graham said there were about 7,500 tickets (at $2 a copy) sold over the weekend, and he estimated that 5,000 people were turned away Saturday night.

Having been to two carnivals in Rio, I didn't know quite what to expect—a bombed-out beaux arts ball or a turned-on conclave of mad doctors. Significantly, the first evening opened with Stewart Brand and Zach Stewart's "America Needs Indians—Sensorium 9." (McLuhan says "nonspecialist electric technology retribalizes.") Over the course of two hours, some 600 slides, two movies, and four sound tracks bombarded the hall. The ecstatically dressed participants huddled on the floor were less than ecstatic about the evening's events. The Open Theater presentation that followed was a nonparticipatory potpourri that included "The Congress of Wonders," "The God Box," a Wainwright Masturbation Sermon and Amanda Foulger's "Revelations." As one anxious cat exclaimed as he bounded on the stage, "Even on acid, this is a drag!"

But the next night was a stone freak. Opening with the San Francisco Tape Music Center's Sound-Light Console of Don Buchla and Ramon Sender, the frenetic young crowd extended its nerves (Continued on page 102)


Solie

A geometric figure is sometimes more complicated than it looks.
by John D. MacDonald

triangle

She looked at him, and for the first time he realized the second drink was affecting her. There was an owlish intensity in her gaze. She was a small dark girl, eyes large in a small face, eyes earnest under the dark curl of bangs, mouth showing the small erosions of discontent.

"The lousy stupid thing I do to myself," she said, "I play these games, Johnny. The what-if games. So it's a hypnosis thing. I know she'd never let you go. Even if you wanted out, which would be a fool thing."

"Don't blame yourself, Tina."

She scowled at him. "The thing is, which you know, the hypnosis thing goes only so far, and then I drag my feet. Sometimes I think I'm the most dishonest person I know. Remember the night we couldn't get a cab?"

"Of course."

"Any number of cues I could have given you, and you would have taken it from there, right?"

"I guess so."

"Oh, you know so, Johnny. You know so. I've got no international fame for glamor, but I'm suitable. And you're a human type male type, and we have this kind of awareness that's been going on with each other for months and months, and who could fault you? Who blames the guy?"

"His wife."

"Yes indeed, and that's our little problem, isn't it?"

"Mine."

"Anyhow, I guess you could say the game was called on account of rain that night. And after you went trundling on back to hearth and home, I paced my lonely pad telling myself I was a real smart girl. It went like this: He is Johnny Powell and he is one hell of an attractive man, so attractive that if it ever went one inch past where it's gone already, you'd be hooked for good. And it is a lousy thing to do with your life, Tina, to become the sad little town mouse, stealing the suburban husband from time to time. You see, it couldn't be casual."

"For either of us."

"Thank you, dear. It's a sweet lie, but I appreciate it anyway. Anyhow, after trying to sell myself on how bright I was, I got down to the real truth of the thing. Terror. The fear of sin. You see, I'm really the worst kind of cheat."

"I don't think so."

"The modern woman! Johnny, I'm up to here Victorian. I guess I've got to have all the licenses and permits. But, Johnny, where where did all the men go? Did the girls like Frances get them all?"

"There's some around."

The waiter looked into the booth. Johnny signaled for another round.

"But I'm twenty-nine years old, Johnny, and when do I stop playing kid games with grown-up people like you?" Tears grew on the black thickets of lashes, rolled free. She dabbed them away.

"Maybe the next won't be a game."

"Comfort me, dearie, with brave words. Sure. But what scares me now is, maybe, despair. You know? I get assigned to some other account and there is another Johnny Powell, and maybe he's only half what you are, but I have to set up all the trite misery for myself, go the dreary route with him because I have to sell myself at least one dream, because the clock ticks on. Maybe just as trite as what could have happened to us. I work for you. I'm a city girl. And you have that big glowing country wife and those dear, darling, glowing kiddies. Do you mind if I hate Frances a little?"

"Go ahead."

"She's so invulnerable. Why do they always have to look like Doris Day? Ah, that shining meaty smile, and knowing the PTA song. Oh God, Johnny, I sound so cheap and nasty, and it's all pure envy. I've got a kid sister, up to her hips in babies, up to her armpits in suds, and I hate her sometimes too. I'm Aunt Tina, career girl. You and Frances are good people, and I'm glad I didn't get any further into your lives. But sometimes I can feel so. . . ."

She covered her face and sat hunched, weeping silently. The drinks came. Johnny saw a man in another booth, staring at them. What could it look like? The end of the affair. But what was it, when there'd been no affair? He felt tender toward Tina. He sensed it would be best to let her work herself out of tears. Gentle words might make it worse for her. He was aware of the city night around them, murmurous, full of mouths and lights and motors, with dark rooms and dark places in the heart and ten thousand simultaneous scenes, and he wondered how many of the scenes had dialogue interchangeable with this one. If everyone was masked, perhaps all the words would be alike.

She recovered and was shy. Her eyes looked torn, and she took small nibbles of her drink.

"Self-pity in the third degree," she said. "Another of my noble traits."

"There's more in the inventory. Pride, spirit, decency, sensitivity."

She smiled at him. "I'll do what has to be done, sir. You

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN SOLIE

don't have to buy me with flattery. But it's the mechanics of it I don't quite see. Isn't it going to look sort of strange and hollow to her, no matter how I do it?"

"It makes me feel sick, Tina, to even ask you to do it. But you have to know more about the marriage. You've got the right to know more. The kind of a job I have, there has to be trust. So many trips, so many late nights. A woman should feel loved and secure. Maybe Fran needs that security more than most. I don't know. Maybe because of her folks splitting up when she was small. God knows I haven't been a roving man. I don't need that kind of trouble. You and I, we've been as close as I want to come. And you see, Tina, I haven't reacted the way I should, because I *have* been conscious of this being a *kind* of infidelity. Do you understand?"

"Of course."

"We'd been at the club and in the middle of the evening she turned all strange and remote, and I didn't know what was up. But I did feel guilt—on account of you—even though I knew we were going to stay, what would you call it, pristine. We went home early. She'd danced with Hal Ward. He was tight. He was trying to make a pass. So he figured, I guess, to smooth the way by giving her the old get-even-with-Johnny motivation."

"Hal doesn't know a damned thing about us!"

"That's what I would have said, but apparently he saw us somewhere and he couldn't figure any other reason for us being there, and maybe we looked furtive or something. We didn't see him, but he saw us."

"He's a wretched man!"

"At least he didn't hand her your name. Maybe he was showing restraint. Or maybe he didn't recognize you—just saw me with a female who wasn't Fran."

"With a friend like Hal, who needs enemies?"

"I know. And when we got home early from the club, it could have been settled very quickly and easily. But as soon as I found out what it was all about, I became full of indignation and outrage. They say you get the biggest reaction from an unjust accusation. I'd say the reaction is bigger when there is just a tiny germ of truth in the accusation, just a little stink of guilt. So instead of trying to help her, I got proud as all hell. I wouldn't even discuss it. I wouldn't deny it or confess it, so naturally she took my attitude as a confession. The best thing I could have done would have been laugh. But that's the sort of thing you remember too late. After a week, when I finally woke up and saw what I was doing to her—because I happened to feel abused—I made the complete denial I should have made in the first place."

"A little too late."

"Yes indeed. And I could hear myself hitting false notes—because of the guilt and because it was a little too late. My God, I even sounded as if I was the chicken husband making the usual trite lie. She pretended to accept it. Maybe she believes me with ninety per cent of her, but the other ten is dubious, and it's a little wedge sticking into a sort of dangerous potential fracture-line in our marriage. Every trip, every night I have to stay in the city, is like giving that wedge a little tap. Staying in town tonight is another little tap. No matter what you think of her, she's never really had enough confidence."

"But . . . what if I sound as hollow as you did? I've got this guilt-for-no-good-reason, too, you know. And won't I just be sort of a . . . solid fact instead of a vague suspicion?"

"With a sixth sense or something, she's narrowed it down to you anyway."

"What? How do you know?"

"The name came up during the last quarrel. When you were assigned to the account, I used to mention you. I've always talked shop at home. She's always been interested. For the last couple of months I've still talked shop, but I never mentioned your name. That was pretty stupid, I know. But again it was the product of guilt, I guess, and it was subconscious."

"Oh boy."

"Oh boy, indeed."

"There's that scene in the movies where the other woman calls on the wife and begs her to let him go. And then there's the scene where the wife calls on the other woman and tells her to get out of Walter's life. But how do you do this scene? I've never seen it played."

"I don't know how you can do it. But, you see, I know both of you. I know you both well enough to know you'll like each other."

"She'll adore me!"

"You'll have to say you're doing it without my knowledge. You'll have to say that I made some bitter and cryptic remark to you and you pried the rest of the story out of me. You'll have to tell her that you've been attracted to me."

"That's no lie, darling."

"But I ignored all the openings, and you finally decided I was that rarity in our business, the faithful husband. In fact, you can let her know I have a considerable reputation for same."

"It wouldn't have been a serious thing with me otherwise, Johnny."

"And you can say I'm not exactly hitting the ball squarely around the shop lately."

"But you are."

"Sure, but how well will I scramble if the marriage keeps getting a little more sour? I love her, Tina. And for the first time I can't seem to really communicate with her. Suspicion is a sick terrible thing."

"So I tell her that because I *do* sort of love you, even though it's a dead end street for me, I had to bury my pride and come talk to her."

"I can't tell you how much it will mean to me. To both of us. But it's . . . such a ghastly thing to ask of you, Tina."

She touched his hand quickly. "Idiot! I'd roll from here to Canarsie for you, through broken bottles. And it'll make me feel better about myself. Create a little self-respect for a change."

"The man who does get you is going to be very very lucky, Tina."

"Put that in writing so I can show it to him, if I ever find him. Did you say next Sunday?"

"It would be a good time. I'll be in Chicago all next week. You might phone her on Saturday and set it up."

"I can borrow Meg's little car and drive up there. I've wondered what your house is like. I have a crazy feeling, you know? I have the feeling she and I are going to become friends."

"I hope it can happen. You'll like her."

"I sense that, damn it. Johnny, I better stagger out into a cab. I've had it, completely."

"I'll take you back."

She looked rueful. "Just put me into a cab, dear. It would be bad timing right now to get the game to go along with the name, wouldn't it? Tonight I'd be too tired to even drag my feet. Don't look so alarmed, dear. It's just a lousy joke."

When he opened the taxi door for her, she turned and touched her lips to his cheek. "Goodnight, Johnny. You're the nice one who got away."

The misty rain had stopped and the city night was humid. He walked seven blocks uptown and two and a half blocks east.

While he walked he managed to keep his mind emptied of all inward things, staring attentively at the objects and persons in his line of vision, identifying them the way a child finds goats and kings in a puzzle maze. But as the miniature elevator carried him slowly aloft, he could hear the bump of his heart amid a drone of silence, and fancied himself in a magical machine which dwindled him as it lifted him upward. Feeling dwarfed and vile, he looked at himself in an oval mirror and grinned like a yawning dog.

Sometimes he imagined the key would not fit, and measured his relief against his terror, marveling at how precisely they cancelled each other. But it did fit, and the same light was on, and, in another room, a pink shade backlighted the pillowed tangle of blonde. She looked at him and he turned away and went to

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CAVALIER'S THIRD

SPEAK OUT

TOPIC:

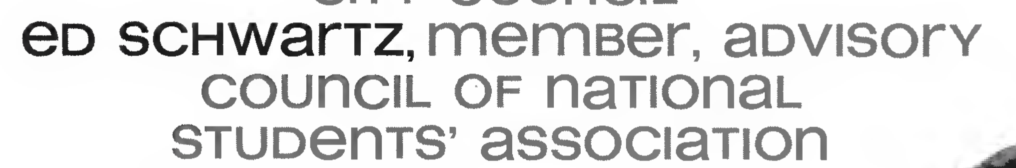
ACADEMIC FREEDOM

MODERATOR: **PAUL KRASSNER**

PANEL: **MYRNA BAIN** FREELANCE WRITER, AUTHOR OF ARTICLES FOR VILLAGE VOICE AND ESQUIRE, FORMER STAFF MEMBER OF NATIONAL REVIEW

FATHER PETER O'REILLY, PRESIDENT OF THE ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY LOCAL OF THE UNITED FEDERATION OF COLLEGE TEACHERS

MORTON SCHIFF, INSTRUCTOR IN PHYSICS AT YESHIVA UNIVERSITY, CANDIDATE FOR NEW YORK CITY COUNCIL



ED SCHWARTZ, MEMBER, ADVISORY COUNCIL OF NATIONAL STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION



KRASSNER: The subject at hand is academic freedom, and rather than start off on an abstract level, by defining terms, I would like to start off with a specific issue and work from that.

This is from the *Humanist Magazine* and it has to do with the Humanists, a student group at the University of Illinois, in Chicago: That group has been serving primarily as a forum, sponsoring a teach-in on Vietnam, a speaker from the John Birch Society, the Student President from the United World Federalists, Madalyn Murray, who is, as you know, a friendly neighborhood atheist, a physician from Planned Parenthood, who spoke on birth control, and a college student, Rudolph Dreiker, on "The Humanist View of Sex."

Unexpectedly, when the group was to present the speaker from the American Communist Party, University officials stepped in and cancelled the meeting. An Illinois statute prohibits the university from extending the use of facilities to subversive organizations.

Now, is there anyone on the panel who thinks that the statute in Illinois is justifiable?

BAIN: I do. Mainly because I feel that, I know, when I was going to Hunter College, Herbert Apthecker came up several times to the Bronx campus. We used to have—and I guess they still do have it—a Hyde Park during May, just before final exams, and various political clubs plus the Student Council would get together and invite a slate of speakers to come up to the campus to talk about various topics.

The first time Apthecker came up to Hunter was in 1959, if I'm not mistaken—that would have been at the end of my sophomore year, and he spoke about Reconstruction and the Civil War, and this new Negro, and at various points during the question period, two questions that I asked him, a few questions that other students asked him, it was like talking to a broken record. We got the same rote statements back. He never deviated from his basic notes, shall we say, even when we tried to bring him up to talking about various things in contemporary affairs. So that just from the standpoint of, you know, what is the purpose of having a speaker come up, if it was just to have them talk, well, then there is no reason to have a ban on any speaker. But if it also is for the general enlightenment of the students on any specific topic or area or ideology, and even more important, a chance for legitimate debate, between the students and whoever is speaking, I don't think it's possible to get an answer that doesn't fit into the mold of the dialectic.

SCHIFF: I would certainly disagree with your position in regard to Apthecker and in regard to people of this kind in general. It seems to me that you cannot beforehand rule people out because of what you think they must be going to say, by reason of some persuasion of theirs.

BAIN: Let me throw in an example of a John Birch Society member. For instance, the John Birch Society is very hung up, as I think we all know, on the Plot Theory—there are Comsymps in the State Department and Comsymps in the Pentagon, under the bed, around the corner—there are plots all over. And whenever they talk about anything going on in America today, it's in relationship to the Plot.

Now, a Communist Party member or a philosophical adherent to Communism doesn't talk about plots, necessarily.

But they have a very definite economic view of the world, that brooks no—it's supposed to be scientifically determined. If you happen to agree with the specific economic interpretation they might make at a given point in history, fine. But if you don't, they have no way to really fit in your questions or to give you a historically truthful answer.

SCHIFF: Yes. But isn't it simply that you are saying that you don't agree with what they are saying?

BAIN: But it's more than just disagreement. How shall I put it? If a speaker says that Columbus did not discover America at any point; he didn't even touch the coast, and I say, "No, he didn't. You're absolutely right. The Norsemen touched the continent of America. Columbus touched the Caribbean," but they then go on further to say that the reason that he didn't touch it was because he was either too stupid or, you know, he was trapped in the machinations of the Spanish monarchy, and I say, "No. That's not why he didn't do it." Well, you know, we can't get a fact going there at all.

SCHIFF: But aren't you assuming in advance, by supporting the statute, that they would say this? We are talking about whether or not you should make a decision in advance about a speaker.

BAIN: I would make a decision in advance.

SCHIFF: Isn't it possible that there are some non-Communist speakers who



Krassner
"Where do you draw the line between a speaker and a classroom?"

Bain
"I DON'T THINK THAT BECAUSE NUMERICALLY YOU HOLD POWER OVER X NUMBER OF PEOPLE THAT MEANS YOU MUST BE LISTENED TO NECESSARILY."



would have the same personality problem?

BAIN: Ideological bias? Yeah. Sure. The John Birch Society members are not —these people are not Communists and they have the same kind of bias.

SCHIFF: I think the relevant point is that however much the Communist viewpoint is closed or the Birch Society viewpoint is closed, they are viewpoints, and the Communist viewpoint in this case is a viewpoint which manages to hold control of a good percentage of the world.

BAIN: There was a time, though, when the Nazi viewpoint also held—I don't think that because numerically you hold power over X number of people that means you must be listened to necessarily.

SCHWARTZ: Just a second, because I think I'm confused. The original question had something to do with the Constitution or the laws of Illinois, and some of you got into a very specific case and I think we're missing the point, because I gather we want to talk about the law. Is that a sensible law? And I can only say no, because—and in fact, we're moving that way.

What I'm talking about is the First Amendment says you can speak. Period. It makes no restrictions. And we're moving in that direction, happily. Of course, the latest example was poor Linus Pauling who got himself chewed up in the courts, because the courts are now saying that if you're a public official, people could say whatever they want about you, virtually, and it seems to me that this is the more relevant point.

We're getting to a point where we're allowed to begin to discuss fully and call each other names in public, and the important thing is if you're a public official, for instance, you can rejoin in public. You can answer your critics. And the same thing holds true here. If you get Apthecker up on a platform and you find that he doesn't answer you properly, you at least have the chance of rejoinder. You've got him afterwards and kept pounding him and got no answers.

So, you know, you're learning that he hasn't got the information you want. And that's the only way to find out.

KRASSNER: All right. Now, so another problem comes up. Which is, where do you draw the line, between, say, a speaker and a classroom?

Eugene Genovese got in trouble at Rutgers for saying at a teach-in that he was hoping for a Viet Cong victory. He later modified this by saying he meant a political victory rather than a military victory, and that he certainly wouldn't bring these views into his classroom.

Now, James Mellon from Drew University said that he would go further than Genovese, that he is a Marxist, and not only does he think that he should express his views in the classroom but that any teacher who doesn't is irresponsible.

Now, if you say the line shouldn't be drawn, would you go that far?

SCHWARTZ: I would.

SCHIFF: Yes.

SCHWARTZ: I think that the presupposition behind it all is that you do have an opportunity to question. You know, it's interesting you bring up Apthecker, because down at N.Y.U. where I am now, we're facing the same problem. The group—New University Reform Group, which started a free university, which amounted to five seminars, invited Apthecker to teach one of the seminars, in this case, on Negro history. Well, originally, they invited Herbert Hill, who was unable—who had to bow out at the last minute and Apthecker was the only one available, so he came down and of course, there was a big hullabaloo about it, the—not among the administration primarily, but among the students—the newspaper and an editorial was printed.

Apthecker was defended by three or four people in the history and anthropology department, primarily on the grounds that the students would have an opportunity to question him, that they'd have an opportunity to differentiate between fact and ideology and ideological bias, and that this is a part of their education.

KRASSNER: Here's a piece in the *New York Times* on academic freedom on Catholic campuses, and let me quote from Dr. Rosemary Lauer, who is one of thirty one teachers dismissed without a hearing from St. John's University. She is a professor of philosophy. She concluded from her experience on Roman Catholic campuses that no church bodies should run universities because their temptations to substitute religious indoctrination for education appear to be irresistible.

She says, "Churches and universities don't mix. The Catholic Church or any other church ought not to operate a university. Any organization that exists to maintain and propagate a doctrine simply can't control a university. It is

a natural thing for them to impose such doctrines on the students of the university."

Do you have any comments?

O'REILLY: Me?

KRASSNER: Yes.

O'REILLY: Well, yes. I would first of all like to clarify, I think, what Rosemary said. Historically, experimentally, I think most of us would say just that about the schools that we know, that are run by religious communities.

But if you asked the question, "Is it impossible for a religious group, a religious community, to have something that is genuinely an educational institution, a university?" I think that both Dr. Lauer and I would answer no. There is nothing impossible about it at all.

In regard to Catholic institutions, we would further maintain that if these people would pay attention to the recent decrees of the Vatican Council, like on religious liberty and on the Church in the modern world, there would be no problem at all with their having a university with as much academic freedom as any other university.

It's precisely in the measure that they do not measure up to their Catholicity that they are ruining the institutions that they are trying to manhandle and have a stranglehold over.

KRASSNER: Mr. Schiff, does that religious problem exist at Yeshiva?

SCHIFF: We really don't have that problem as far as I can see at Yeshiva, really. I don't know how we solved it, except that it doesn't exist to my knowledge at the graduate school level. Because—the funny thing about the physics faculty is it's very strongly in the anti-Viet Nam war position and they are very loud about it. The political science faculty is very much for it—the President's position. So there is this delightful collision going on and the students are always just simply listening back and forth and they are perfectly willing to listen, and the administration, fine. Perfectly good with them.

We have had very little confusion that I've been able to see at all.

In the Graduate School we do have some very funny phone calls, from mothers—I know the last one was they wanted a rabbi with a biological background because they had a son who had just hit puberty and they wanted someone who would explain the facts of life.

SCHWARTZ: If you start off with a presumption that the truth is yet to be known, then you work out a theory of academic freedom.

If you start off on the presumption that the truth is known, and everything else is false, not only that the truth is known, but it's known to the degree that you can prohibit the discussion of anything that's not true, that somehow violates my conception of academic freedom, and what really bothers me about people who do violate our academic freedom in this manner is that if they are so sure that what they are professing is true, if they are so sure that their faith—if it's faith, or a question of evolution, etc., that this is going to grab the mind or the heart or whatever you want to talk about. . . .

If they are so sure, then why prohibit anything? If they are that sure, then that faith should be able to stand up against the attacks of anything. If I am so sure of democracy, I should be able to say, and I am in a way, I am able to say that if I were in an argument with, let's say a Communist, you know, I would be perfectly willing to argue with a Communist on almost any point, because I have an implicit faith in certain kinds of values relating to history, relating to human development and I don't think that, you know, a debate like that in any kind of audience, would be to my disadvantage.

And if it were to my disadvantage, well, that's the prerogative of the guys out there in the first place, to believe—

O'REILLY: You could lose sometimes.

SCHWARTZ: Yes. We may well lose.

KRASSNER: I want to get to another aspect of what I consider academic freedom. There were a few students at the University of North Carolina who grew beards, and they were not allowed to register for the semester. And a college administrator went so far as to say—he made a distinction between a beard and a mustache—that if a student had a mustache, from ear to ear, it would be okay. But no beards.

That's how ludicrous it can get. But is there anyone on the panel who thinks that the university should be permitted to make rules about the personal appearance of the student body?

BAIN: I think up to a point. Yes. A mustache or a beard, that's like asking how many angels fit on the head of a pin.

But I think that, given the group aspect of any university, that if you are sitting in a classroom, you are going to the cafeteria and what-have-you, with other students— if I decided that, you know, to give up clothes—I am not going to wear clothes anymore—of any stripe



O'REILLY
"EVERYONE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HE DOES, AND WHAT HE DOESN'T DO, AND THE FREER WE MAKE HIS ENVIRONMENT, THE MORE WE ENCOURAGE HIS RESPONSIBILITY."



SCHIFF

"IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU CANNOT BEFOREHAND RULE PEOPLE OUT BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU THINK THEY MUST BE GOING TO SAY. BY REASON OF SOME PERSUASION OF THEIRS."

or variety—I am going to walk around the campus naked, I think that—

SCHWARTZ: Well, there are already rules about that, you know.

BAIN: You are not abridging my academic freedom.

SCHWARTZ: But there are local laws in the community.

SCHIFF: Does the school need to do anything on this?

BAIN: Yes, because the school's rules are making references in the context in which I am living at the moment. I am doing two things. You know, I am attending the school and I am also living in this locality where the school is located.

SCHWARTZ: But that's the argument that bigots use down South—before they got integration. You know—

BAIN: How did we get on that? I really don't see—you know, if that's the case, then academic freedom is not just confined to the university at all. It takes in everything.

SCHWARTZ: Yeah.

BAIN: I thought we were just talking about *academic* freedom. Let us *do* define the term. Do we just mean it for the university? And university life? Or do you mean it for everything?

SCHWARTZ: We're talking about schools in particular now.

BAIN: Okay.

SCHWARTZ: I'm talking about integration in the schools. I mean, if you want to limit it. What I am saying is that the argument you are giving against perhaps having beards or whatever, is—it seems to me to sound like the argument that was given by some Southern bigots, in favor of maintaining segregated schools.

BAIN: Well, as I say, I don't know how you got to that from what I said about whether or not the school has a right to make any rules as to a student's apparel.

SCHWARTZ: Personal appearance.

MISS BAIN: Personal appearance. And I said the school does have a right to make certain rules. And that has nothing to do with the question of Southern bigotry or anything else. I didn't even—as I said, the question of mustaches or beards, that may be ridiculous, but I do think that the school has something to say about how you come into the building.

SCHWARTZ: I'm confused. I don't see why they should, in a funny sense of the word.

You know, in the long run, if you're moving among students and you want to take a girl out and you're heavily bearded and she doesn't like beards, you're going to start thinking twice about your beard and what I am suggesting—I would use the social context of where you're moving. That is going to dictate the clothing and your personal appearance. That's in the long run a lot more effective than any laws laid down by a school.

You know, you smell bad, they'll tell you about it. Very quickly.

BAIN: Well, why should they, then? If you don't want them to restrict you about beards—you shouldn't let them worry about whether your body odor—

SCHWARTZ: Well, that's up to you. That's up to you in the long run, not—

BAIN: Well, anything you do is up to you in the long run. But there are still rules that any society has. It's up to me whether I want to kill anyone or not. In our society, you know, there are some things that you can't do. Now you may argue about how much of your personal appearance the school has a right to adjudicate on. That is perfectly fine. Whether they should—you say they can't talk about beards. They can't talk about haircuts. You can't talk about whether I come with shoes on or no shoes on. But the question was, does the school have *anything* to say about any part of your apparel, not just beards. He brought up the beards as an illustration.

SCHWARTZ: Well, I think that in one way—I mean it's very simple. The school is to teach. To have everyone experience a hundred and one different things, and if it happens to be that one of your friends is a heavily bearded type and you never met one before, maybe it's a good place to meet them.

BAIN: What about clothing? What if I want to come in naked? I sleep on the campus and I don't have to come into contact with the laws of the town. I get up in my dorm and I just walk—now, do they consider that sufficient—

SCHWARTZ: Yeah, but I think you have to bring in the factor of how it affects other people.

There is a difference between a beard affecting other people and a nude lady affecting other people.

BAIN: Well, so there are certain rules then, that a school does have to take into consideration, on personal appearance. You said there aren't any. I said that there are some.

SCHWARTZ: I think what generally is the case—and of course, you may jump on this as being a valid reason, but I think by and large when schools adopt

rules of this kind it's not for any consideration of the student body, which usually dislikes them. But the reason they adopt them is for the, quote, public image of the university.

And these kinds of things are all used to justify a variety of practices from as simple as restricting rules of dress, you know, to also like prohibiting a Communist speaker or firing thirty-one professors as they did at St. John's—you know, and my experience with fighting dress rules at one campus is that this has come in—these have been defendants at universities where fear of the public is really becoming prevalent, and I don't think this kind of a university, necessarily, stimulates the kind of independence and critical inquiry and everything else that you think of in reference to universities.

SCHIFF: Let me say one thing about beards, though. Where I come from, Yeshiva University—to be without a beard—

KRASSNER: They're required—

SCHIFF: No. They're not required. I used to have a beard before I joined the school, and then I grew one again and I recently shaved it—you know, they are not quite sure whose side I'm on.

KRASSNER: There is one area—one other area of rules. Let me ask you, Father O'Reilly, you probably would have the most conflict about this, in terms of your profession. How do you feel about rules restricting women's presence in men's dormitories?

O'REILLY: I have very little conflict about this.

KRASSNER: Excuse my assumption. Blessed though it was.

O'REILLY: I—What exactly are you—

KRASSNER: I'm talking about being against unnecessary rules in a university context. Do you think the rules restricting the presence of women in men's dorms and vice versa is a valid rule?

O'REILLY: I'd say not, unless there was some reason to be shown for it.

KRASSNER: You're my kind of preacher.

O'REILLY: All right.

SCHWARTZ: I don't think they're valid either. I think here again, schools throw up a variety of reasons why they have to do it. Most of them are not terribly relevant, particularly to anything that has to do with the classroom.

By and large they are justified on the grounds that the parents disapprove and the few cases where I've seen it—at least at one school, where we fought this and they're still fighting it, they've polled the parents on every change and in every case the parents went along with it. Then the second argument generally given is that for the public image, of the university, and, well, those arguments never made much sense to me, and the third argument that is generally given is that you're not ready to be with a girl. I suspect that the purpose of universities and schooling generally, is to somehow get into society where we'll all live comfortably.

You know, we keep struggling to get what I would call a freer and freer society. Inherently laws are negative. You know, "Thou shalt not." They don't tell you what you can do, as much as they tell you clearly what you can't do. This is at least the nicest kind of law to operate with. And there are lots of restrictions.

Presumably, over a period of time, as we grow individually as a culture, laws can be dropped because we can behave in a human fashion, and our hope, in one sense, is that this is what the schools themselves are teaching people—you know, the hope of the culture moving out of the university, training people, and giving them ideas so that they can move forward and be a little freer in their own existence.

If the university is going to continue to drum into their little heads what I'll call archaic ideas and not permit them to, you know, find out what freedom means, then as these people come out, all they can do is turn into people who will torture their children.

So you get back to that song about ticky tacky houses. You know, you get a terrible cycle. There is no way to break it. I say that there must be much more loosening of the rules within the colleges, because it's the only way the society is going to learn the new rules and move ahead.

SCHIFF: It gets to the point of, all right, should a campus' position—should birth control devices be administered to unmarried students?

SCHWARTZ: Well, do you want pregnancies?

SCHIFF: I mean, I'm not kidding around. You have a choice today. Are you going to have a pregnant girl or are you going to have girls who are not pregnant? In just those terms.

KRASSNER: Father O'Reilly, am I making another assumption—

O'REILLY: I'd say you're each mak-

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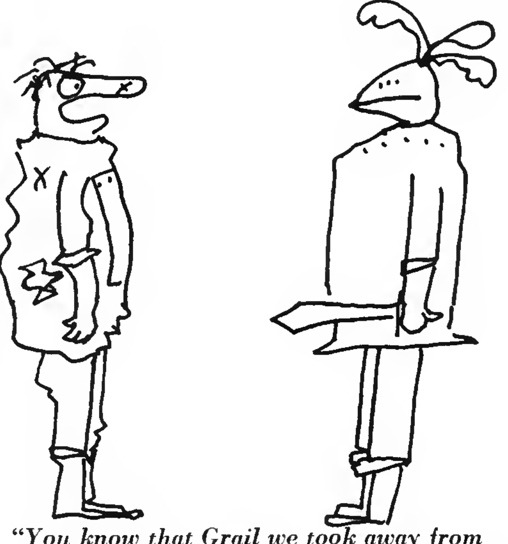
SCHWARTZ
"I SAY THAT THERE MUST BE MUCH MORE LOOSENING OF THE RULES WITHIN THE COLLEGES, BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY WAY THE SOCIETY IS GOING TO LEARN THE NEW RULES AND MOVE AHEAD."



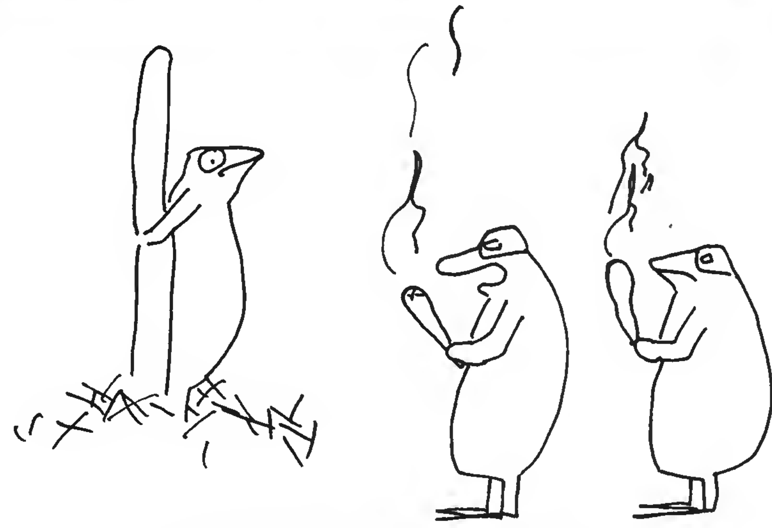
HIPTILES

by Tony Saltzman

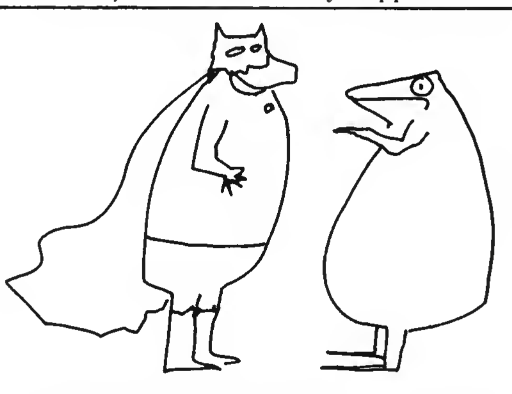
Time was when men, women and dogs sufficed to express the states of a cartoonist's soul. Herewith an artist who finds that the world of the Sixties calls for saurian terms.



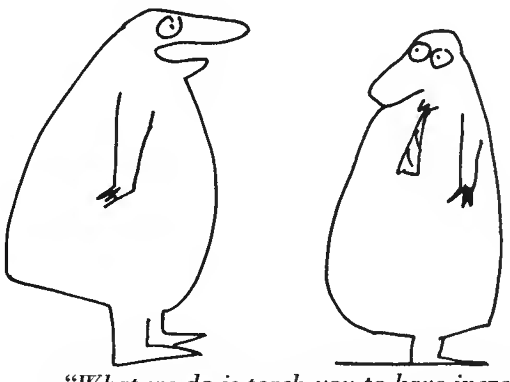
"You know that Grail we took away from the infidels? It was booby-trapped."



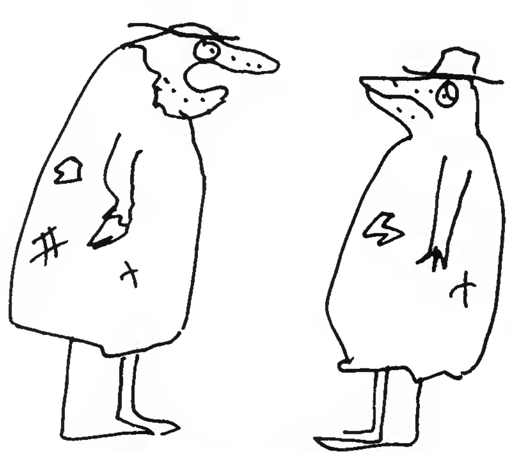
"Oh, hell. We forgot the marshmallows."



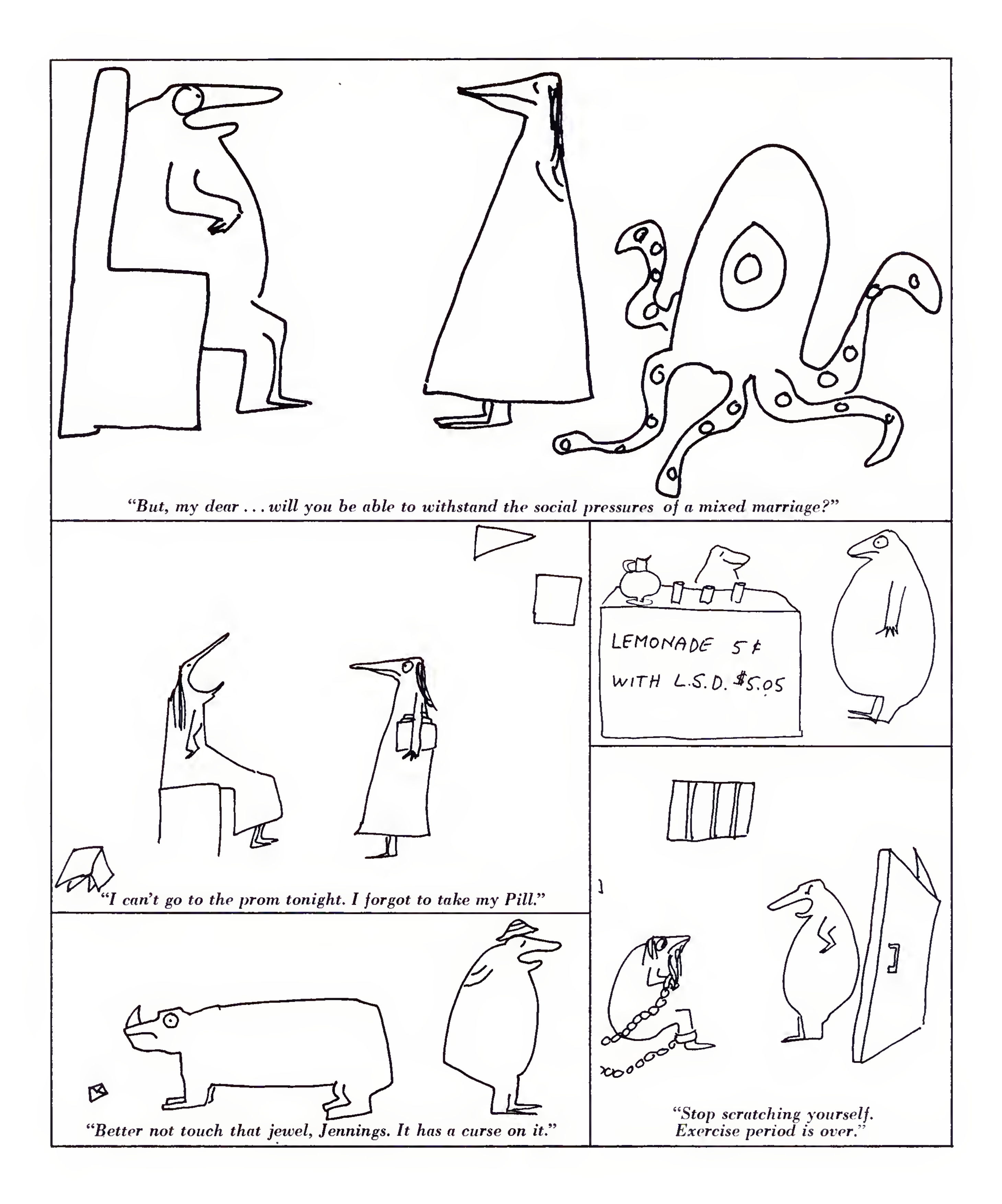
"That? Oh, that's Robin's fraternity pin."



"What we do is teach you to have incredibly bad breath."



"We can't afford a nude movie. Let's go to the art museum and look at the Rubens paintings."


"But, my dear . . . will you be able to withstand the social pressures of a mixed marriage?"

"I can't go to the prom tonight. I forgot to take my Pill."

"Better not touch that jewel, Jennings. It has a curse on it."

"Stop scratching yourself. Exercise period is over."

PEARL HARBOR AND THE LONG BALL

There was no difficulty in choosing between Superman and Wonder Woman — but when you had to discriminate among Superman's individual adventures, that — agonizing though it be — was the beginning of taste.

by Ivan Gold

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY LUND

Mrs. Salz leaned from the fifth floor bedroom window just as Mert came crouching to the plate, whirling the red rubber ball like a globe of the world, and though the game was held up just then to let the bus go through, she waited until he'd fouled out deep down the left field sidewalk, over the outfielder's head but foul, before she called him. She did something to his name both murderous and musical.

Merton peered up, wondering if she'd registered the failure. With the tying run on third, all he'd had to do was smack it on the ground. That she knew next to nothing about punchball, and cared less, did not concern him. Anyone must recognize a bona fide long ball threat who let dreams of glory outweigh the welfare of the team; she must know a fair ball from a foul.

"Do you have to play ball in the gutter?"

"Yeah."

"I don't like it when you play in the gutter."

Five stories apart they sucked in their breaths, punctuating the ritual.

"What you want, Ma? I'm in the middle of a game."

The out he'd made had been the second in the last of the ninth, but reliable, frozen-faced Fred Wein singled home the tying run and was tagged out trying to stretch; Merton had once again to take the field.

"Aunt Bess is here."

"I know, I saw her go up. I waved."

"You're cold in just a shirt. You need a jacket."

"It's warm. It's April."

"She has a present for you."

"I know, I saw the paper bag. Tell her I appreciate it. I can't come up now, Ma, it's an important game."

"When will it be finished?"

"It just started," he said, for extra innings is a new lease on life; it was the first of a possible three-game set; and a pre-dinner Monopoly game was scheduled, time permitting, at Fred Wein's.

"You're some ungrateful child," she said, as Merton trotted to the outfield.

Aunt Bess, he had recently discovered, was not even his aunt but his mother's, and apart from that she was a *chippy*, defined in the overheard conversation as having brought forth on a remote continent, in a distant time, a bastard; she somehow disposed of the bastard, but married a *shegetz* in the New World, so that (though she was quickly widowed) the label clung. Her only living sister, Merton's grandmother, had not spoken to her in twenty years, and she bought the good will of nieces and nephews by means of constant presents to their young. She dyed her hair that red color, and wore too much rouge. She smelled of what she drank. Only for the child's sake, Mert's mother said, was she able to put up with Aunt Bess.

This surprised Merton, as his mother's disapproval of ball-playing in heavy traffic was equaled only by her distaste for comic books, or the eagerness with which he consumed them; and Bess's gift each time she came was a brown paper bag containing ten or a dozen well-known and fairly recent books but all with the tops of the front covers sliced off, a peculiarity he learned to live with (though it hurt him in bartering) as they were otherwise in good condition, and the defect made it possible, Aunt Bess once explained, to buy the books in quantity. This was the first time that Merton, who was eleven, was aware of being used, and he found it a pleasant experience. He came out of it with the magazines, nearly two hundred by now, occupying the entire bottom shelf of the linen closet; and, after the exchange between his parents, he no longer felt obliged to make sounds of gratitude, or peck her hairy painted face, or even be there when she came. When he arrived upstairs after one of her visits the large brown bag was there, filled with print-smelling, headless bonanzas, the rainbow adventures of Captain America, Mandrake, Plastic Man; a full week of enjoyment. From time to time, out of his allowance, he bought a new unmutilated book himself, read it quickly and traded wisely, so that his collection was the largest and deepest among his group of friends.

And such news will travel. It spilled out of his world and into the next, which was not even the next New York City block but the lower half of his, where the three new apartment houses on the one side and the church on the other ended and the bleak tenements began, still ten years short of being named and razed as the slums they had been ten years before, pocked by grime and garbage and inhabited by tough, ancient kids with names like Wiltschek and Costello (and names like Salz, to tell the truth, but yet a different breed) and minimum interest in sports that used a ball. Merton, like most of his friends, lived in the newest of the three houses, called Greenspan Towers, and he did not need his mother to tell him to avoid the bottom of the street. She would have been surprised to learn the extent to which he did: the elaborate detour twice weekly coming home from Hebrew school; vacating the street, even in daylight, whenever he spotted Sal DelGuido—already, at undersized thirteen, a leader of men and skilled in the subtler use of violence—even at a hundred yards.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91



This is Wren's Baker Street Bones dress shirt. You can almost hear the hiss of the gaslights.



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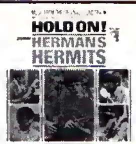
Wren Ltd.



"Here comes that crazy Toulose, always sticking his nose into everybody's business!"

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to the girl whose husband has been pestering her with, "Look, I don't think you're having it, it just doesn't . . . I mean it . . ." Now she can tell him, "Look, I have it, I have it my own way, so leave me alone about biting the neck."

Perhaps this composite female reader would also like to have discovered that many marriage manuals currently in high repute have been giving would-be lovers bad advice, most notably in respect to the proper usage of the clitoris. One is urged to address this member forthrightly and directly; or, as my own tutor at a street corner which shall here go nameless used to suggest, "ride 'em high, lad, ride 'em high." Wrong, says Masters. In all cases which he has observed, women themselves instinctively avoid direct stimulation of the Sensitive One when they masturbate. Anyway, it retracts and disappears beneath its chic little hood, where it likes to be *referred* to. In any attempt to follow the textbook method, writes Masters, "marked sexual frustration may develop in a highly excited female partner. . . . Not infrequently, the female partner, frustrated by male ineptitude, may not recover from her psychophysiologic distraction" etcetera etcetera. In other words, won't make it.

The other ladies' magazines *did* send reporters, by the way; but they apparently found the material too controversial or distasteful. The editors of one such magazine, however, happily offered to purchase and print the article they had assigned; to their credit. But their considered editorial opinion was overturned by the publishing corporation's executives. "They think it's too dirty," an editor regretfully told the writer. "Try the *Atlantic Monthly.*"

If the ladies' magazines abdicated their responsibility, so did the men's magazines. Women haven't, traditionally, been as performance-oriented as men. In the good old days, we are told, they thought the whole business was a bother, and if they cared for their partners, they huffed and puffed a bit to simulate a successful leap over the precipice. Men, on the other hand, never had any deception to fall back on; they either rose to the occasion or they did not. If they did not, there wasn't any rug to sweep the trauma under. Or, conversely, if they did arrive for the performance, they gave the whole plot away shortly after the curtain went up. In either case, it was an unmitigated disaster and there was no way to bluster out of it. So the vast majority of men have performance anxieties to *some* extent, and most if not all of us are victimized by what Masters calls "phallic fantasies."

Foremost among them is the question of size of penis and its relevance to sexual adequacy. Manufacturers of washing-machine soap may continue to show hands, arms, bald heads and other symbolic images bursting out of top-loaders for their devious purposes, but the normal American boy will no longer feel a sick lurch of envy. The size of the tool has little if anything to do with the work accomplished. In the age of miniaturization, Masters now informs us that size is at best "a minor factor in sexual stimulation of the female partner." Furthermore, the belief that an uncircumcised male has greater control over his ejaculatory mechanism also seems to have little foundation in fact. The truth is, in the throes of a sexual encounter, the foreskin tends to retract, and as a consequence the distinction becomes, in most cases, academic. Finally, the old saw about too much masturbation eliciting a "different" response which conditions you against proper enjoyment of coition. Forget it.

Masters has produced other such findings which have a direct bearing on the sexual attitudes and abilities of countless thousands who should know of them. Magazines claim to (and do) represent a recognizable segment of the general population. The handling of the material suggests the editorial view of their readership: immature, prurient, puritanical, or disinterested. In all but the last instance, they are surely correct in their appraisal. We suffer from a national—a cultural—inability to cope with the facts of human sexuality. Dr. Masters feels that there is a residual influence of Victorianism in the United States that won't be dissipated for another fifty years. "It will require attention for at least that long," he says.

Dr. Masters knew from the very beginning that he would encounter resistance to his work. He had been told so (during World War II when he was still a student at the Rochester Medical School) by an early mentor, the noted anatomist George Corner, who also gave Kinsey his first encouragement. Some twelve years later, with an extensive bibliography behind him, mostly in geriatric endocrinology, and with a prematurely bald head that gave him the appearance of more seniority than he had, the 38-year-old Masters opened his laboratory at the Washington University Medical School, under the auspices of the school's Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology.

His first problem was getting people who would consent to perform sexually under laboratory conditions, and it was his belief at the time that it would be impossible to get men and women from the general population. So he turned to an outcast sample of whores, pimps, gigolos and homosexual prostitutes. It wasn't, says Masters, at all difficult to find large numbers of them in St. Louis. Nor, he suggests, in what can only be considered a tangential comment on the value of his work, are they hard to find in any American city.

"They were available and they had special qualifications that made them invaluable," Masters adds. "That is, they were extremely co-operative, uninhibited, and very knowledgeable in this area." So much so that he was able to accumulate quickly a body of knowledge he could not otherwise have acquired in a lifetime. Whatever else it is possible to say about a whore, she knows a good deal about the pragmatic side of sex. And the concept of the call girl as a neurotic, destroyed psyche dwelling within a body incapable of responding to sexual desire (a concept derived of the marriage of Puritan ethics and post-Freudian presumptions—a marriage of convenience if ever there was one) is, according to Masters, a lot of bunk. "Among other things, we found that prostitutes are as sexually responsive as anybody else. If they want to be. If a girl is with a client and feels the need, I'm sure she'll take the opportunity as it presents itself. We found, in fact, that many of the prostitutes were multi-orgasmic."

Masters first interviewed approximately 150 of these potential laboratory subjects in their homes and places of business. They talked freely and easily and from among these histories Masters selected eight women and three men for the laboratory. In addition to bringing extensive experience along with them, the chosen eleven also were more than ordinarily sensitive to their own subjective responses, quick to identify them and describe them.

The early sessions were devoted primarily toward developing anatomic baselines, and with the willing help of the eleven subjects, the interview techniques and special recording equipment needed for the accumulation of hard data. "This was a period of trial and error," Masters recalls. "We made mistakes, had many disappointments, went down some dead ends, but we did make progress." The subjects had accumulated a treasure trove of lore and practice for heightening, controlling, restraining or localizing sexual excitement, and they un-self-consciously imparted this information to Masters, in interviews and in the laboratory sessions. Not surprisingly, this knowledge proved to be invaluable in the subsequent clinical treatment of sexual inadequacy.

Among the more successful devices developed for laboratory use was one freshly designed for the purpose. Nobody had ever looked into a vagina during intercourse before (or at any rate nobody had claimed to have done so) and indeed the

technical problems seem insurmountable. It became necessary to create a machine which could do this, and at the same time, replace the functioning male in the procedure. Some radiologists mulled the problem over and came up with a machine which I will take the extreme liberty of calling Ulysses, because I think of it as a quite heroic piece of equipment. Ulysses is a plastic penis of magnificent capacity and it is, I suspect, much admired by the female subjects.

Ulysses is an artificial penis which can be adjusted to suit the preference of his partner in a variety of ways: that is, in length, breadth, and—since he is electrically powered—in rate and depth of plunge. Controlled by the subject at all times, Ulysses responds to her sexual demands instantly and without grumbling about all the other work he does around the house. In this sense Ulysses is simultaneously the ideal sexual partner and no partner at all, and as a result the experience lies somewhere between coitus and masturbation, partaking psychologically of both sorts of encounter. Physiologically, however, it is rather more like masturbation. The woman doesn't have to take into account the "partner's" needs and can therefore regulate him for optimum effectiveness. This sounds suspiciously like what many women already do in other areas.

Ulysses proved to be an invaluable laboratory tool. Utilizing cold light illumination, it is possible to photograph from within Ulysses a landscape which is rivalled in interest only by the moon craters we have recently been allowed to see. Ulysses deserves not only the Casanova Award for a decade of unremitting labor but also a Pulitzer in photo journalism for providing us with factual proof that some positions cause dislocations of contraceptive devices which could result in unwanted pregnancies. Others of these devices do not work properly. Ulysses has taken snapshots of non-foaming foam, non-spreading gel and foot-loose diaphragms.

The sexologist Albert Ellis, one of the very few people not connected with the project to have witnessed the use of this machine, describes a session which took place several years ago: "The girl knew there were observers, of course; she had given her permission. I don't imagine many of them would, but she did. There were two psychologists and myself, and as I recall, it was a Sunday. We were in Dr. Masters' office first, and then we went into a room next door, a lab room. While we were waiting, Ginny Johnson, Dr. Masters' associate, took the subject to another room where she undressed and put on a surgical gown and then Mrs. Johnson conducted her into the room. The girl had used the machine before—incidentally, we didn't see her face, she had a mask on—and so she proceeded to give herself an orgasm with it. It can be used in two positions, with the girl lying down on her back or in the knee-chest position with entrance from the rear. The irony of the procedure was that, at one point, the surgical gown which the girl had on, and which was all she had on, fell away to reveal her breasts, and she *immediately* paused to cover herself up."

(I myself have described Ulysses on numerous occasions and the invariable response is, "They should put it on the market." This is, I think, further proof that something in the American psyche urges an identification of satisfactory sex with mercantile success. On the other hand, the experience quoted above suggests that it is possible to use Ulysses and retain decorum. California dining establishments looking for the next gimmick might well consider Ulysses.)

The girl Ellis observed was a "regular housewife," and part of a new population which Masters began to accumulate in the summer of 1956, when he terminated the prostitute phase of the project. He had, until then, been doing all the work himself, the interviewing, note-taking, file-keeping, and of course, the supervision of the laboratory sessions. He decided he needed an associate. He had already discussed it with his subjects and they agreed that a female would have many advantages. For one thing, she would provide a sort of chaperonage which would ease the doubts of any potential subjects about Masters' motivations. More important, though, as Masters explains it, "A woman will tell a man first what she thinks he wants to know, then she will tell him what she wants him to know. Finally, maybe, she'll tell the truth. A female observer would get the truth first shot. Also, in many cases, a man simply won't be able to comprehend what is being described. He's never experienced it, you see. How can he *really* know what she's talking about?"

So Masters went looking for a female. Wise, experienced Tiresias wasn't available, but Mrs. Virginia Johnson, a soft-spoken, dark-haired divorcee in her early thirties, was. She had been sent over by the University Placement Bureau and she had all the qualifications. Masters considers her to be the most valuable thing to have happened to the project, and Wardell Pomeroy of Indiana University's Institute for Sex Research says of her that "she knows more about sex than any other woman in the whole world."

Mrs. Johnson, after an extended training period, began more and more to assume responsibility for the preparation of the subjects, a delicate and time-consuming procedure which required all her capacity to set people at their ease—which capacity, on the evidence, is considerable.

Getting subjects from the general population proved easier than Masters had supposed. Word spread through the university-medical school complex and Masters found to his surprise that he began getting volunteers in large numbers. These were faculty colleagues, graduate medical students, social workers, nurses, clinic patients, patients from private gynecological practice, even university maintenance personnel. Many were simply housewives. They had in common only a desire to improve their sexual performance and prior experience with orgasm. "We wanted to know what was happening," Masters says. "So we had to go to the people it was happening to. We couldn't very well observe an orgasm if the subject didn't have one." Masters and Johnson rejected almost half the applicants—including obvious neurotics, people with pathological disabilities, and thrill-seekers. "It became a big thing for local college boys to join the project," Mrs. Johnson recalls with amusement. "It became the local version of having intercourse with a prostitute. We didn't use them, but we turned them down as gently as possible." Eventually, some 382 women and 312 men were accepted and became part of the project. They were similar in many ways, among them level of education and interest in their sexual functioning, but they proved to have disparate personalities and a variety of motivations. Some needed quick cash (Masters paid them handsomely) and some needed sexual outlets. One 23-year-old girl, for example, had been accustomed to four or five bouts a week which, after her divorce, weren't readily available. Her doctor referred her to the project and there she found an anonymous—and therefore socially acceptable—relief for her sexual tensions.

Female subjects, contrary to Masters' expectations, were more readily available than male. That women have an abiding interest in sex will come as no surprise to some of us. That they also have a more intense and more durable sexuality. In general, women are multi-orgasmic naturally. The female orgasm lasts roughly 5-10 seconds, the male roughly 3-6 seconds. However, it is possible for a woman to experience as many as 25 contractions and sustain her orgasm for longer than a minute. This condition, known as *status orgasmus,* was duplicated in the laboratory many times. But Tiresias knew this also.

Women not only are more variable and capable of more intense sexual response, they also experience fewer failures of performance. Again, this is no surprise. Men suffer from performance anxieties that only recently—within the last five years or so—have begun to affect females.

All things considered, however, the number of laboratory failures turned out to be remarkably small. It is, after all, a somewhat sterile atmosphere for love-making, and the smallness of the incidence of failure can be traced to the extensive preparation.

This begins with a team interrogation, a lengthy investigation of medical and socio-sexual history. Both Masters and Johnson conduct this so they can compare subjective response to some of the information received. "It's difficult for me to understand male sexuality," Mrs. Johnson explains. "I can appreciate it. But I've never experienced it. It's simply a fact I accept, just as I accept as fact that volcanoes erupt."

The subject undergoes a physical examination and then commences a period of acclimatization to the laboratory environment. This is a process which can be likened to the deep-sea diver's slow ascent to protect him from the bends. There would surely be a psychological and physiological case of the bends in the normal male required to function sexually on demand in a laboratory.

"First we leave them alone in the room," Mrs. Johnson continues. "They have had all the functions of the various items of equipment explained to them, but we don't attach them yet. We allow them to get used to the room. Maybe we'll change the lighting, maybe we'll leave the door open a bit." The first time, some couples manage to proceed directly to the business at hand. Others require a longer acculturation. Eventually, a husband and wife who wouldn't have dreamed of embracing in public find themselves having a hearty sexual bout in the presence of witnesses, with a color motion picture camera grinding blithely away. This proved to be as true of the 78-year-old woman as of the 18-year-old; of the 89-year-old man as of the 21-year-old; it was true for those whose sexual experience was extensive and for those whose prior sexual life was modest.

During the ensuing years, the project utilized a wide variety of stimulative techniques to induce orgasm. These included the use of Ulysses for females, masturbation for both males and females, and coitus in a variety of positions. There were, additionally, attempts to investigate the effect of fantasy literature on human sexual response, and contrary to Kinsey's findings, women do respond to pornography. Three female subjects were able to achieve orgasm from breast manipulation alone. One of the basic discoveries Masters and Johnson made was that, physiologically, orgasm was the same, irrespective of the stimulation used or the subjective perception recounted.

In addition to the basic physiologic



"You find this moral laxity now, everybody wanting things handed to them. Whereas my great-grandfather started out with nothing but his bare hands and three or four slaves."

program, there were other sub-projects, including geriatric, pregnancy, artificial vagina, conceptive and contraceptive programs, and eventually a clinical program to investigate sexual inadequacy.

To house all these programs, and to improve his "fundability," Masters set up the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in January, 1964, and left the university facilities for larger quarters near the university-medical school-hospital complex, on Forest Park Boulevard, in a neighborhood of undistinguished residences, shops, groceries, candy stores, a pizza parlor, a cocktail lounge featuring a pudgy blonde go-go girl and a coin laundry unhappily named the Helpee-Selfee. Apparently, until recent publicity, nobody in the neighborhood knew that in the midst of all that drab humdrum, that daily life, in a two-story medical building with a pharmacy on the ground floor, some very unusual experiments were taking place.

Masters' suite of offices, on the second floor, are standard doctor's-office modern, only more tasteful. His office and Mrs. Johnson's office are a matched pair at the end of a short hall. In his office is the Foundation's unofficial emblem, a statuette specially created for them. It consists of a standing man in a state of readiness to perform, and a seated woman who, from her posture, appears to be wondering what is keeping him.

The room in which the subjects perform is austere, with a bed centrally located and surrounded by the recording equipment: simultaneous cinematography for gross anatomic recordings; an expensive, $4,500 device called a colposcope for finite internal still photography; electroencephalographs, electrocardiographs, biochemical apparatus and other polygraph machines; vaginal and intrauterine devices; and surrounding these, the flood lights for the colored motion picture cameras. In addition to Masters and Johnson there are other project personnel, and they are on occa-

sion also present during the experiments. The subjects wait outside in the parking lot for their turn and then they enter the building. If one didn't know what was taking place, one would have no suspicion that there was even anybody in the building. No lights show. All the entrances are locked to prevent an unfortunate intrusion. The work takes place at all hours of the day and night, accommodating itself to the schedules of the participants. If possible, and if sufficient funds are available, Masters likes to work through the night once or twice a week, for maximum utilization of time.

Of the special projects presently or formerly carried out, of particular interest was one in which an especially skilled woman (who had repeatedly shown the capacity to sustain orgasm for extended periods of time, and control her sexual response considerably) attempted to achieve orgasm without producing any muscle tension. Since blood engorgement and myotonia (muscle tension) are the two basic physiologic responses to sexual tension, this proved fiendishly difficult, but she managed it. That is, achieved orgasm almost entirely without muscle tension, and was bathed in perspiration as a result. "It was extremely difficult for her to do," Dr. Masters recalled. "And even though she was very good at it, it was arduous."

Another special project was instituted at the request of some psychiatrists with whom Masters and Johnson discussed their work. "They asked us, 'How do you know that the stylized responses of married couples aren't different from those of the occasional episode?' The answer is, we don't," Masters said, "so we found out."

"If you look back into their Freudian concepts you see this would be simply almost a routine challenge," Mrs. Johnson added. "The sort of thing that comes from the floor when we talk about our work, which we do and have done since 1960, with all the disciplines. And we found that the most receptive group viewing our work was psychiatry."

To answer the objection, Masters instituted a special project for single people who were matched in the laboratory. "We didn't, of course, have them do anything they weren't already doing. And anonymity was maintained. Between them." More than this Masters would not add, though apparently, unless they were in separate rooms, the man and woman who first met each other in the laboratory were masked to protect their anonymity. I asked whether this hadn't produced an unusually high fantasy element in the encounter, and Mrs. Johnson agreed that it had. "Fantasy patterns came into play, very much so, with level of response and subjective pleasure," she said. But in any event, physiologically, this high-fantasy meeting between masked, star-crossed strangers meeting in a lab proved to be identical with the most prosaic marital matings of the project.

"I always want what I can't have. I want to be a Black Muslim."

Of all the work they have completed, Masters and Johnson agree that the most important is simply having produced a body of knowledge.

"People want to know," says Mrs. Johnson. "We live in an age when people want to know. The man in the street says Don't give me that! He wants to know. Knowledge destroys taboos. The result is—I know there are people who don't believe this is possible, but I do—the result is that gradually we will see a complete change in the way people relate to sexuality."

"We don't yet know which of our findings will prove to be the most significant. There will prove to have been errors. But there *will* be a body of knowledge."

A recent *Time* report on the work elicited thousands of letters to the magazine and more than 1700 to the Foundation in St. Louis. Significantly, 70 per cent of these were cries for help. Recently, the New York *Daily News* received a letter from a Marine in Danang, Vietnam, asking for Masters' name and address. It is no surprise that Masters and Johnson number among their more important findings the exploding of phallic fantasies and the hope now being offered for the assistance of sexually inadequate couples.

"Many people ask us why we do this work. They can't imagine bad sexual relations. They're the lucky ones. We're in business for the other ones, the ones who haven't been so fortunate, for whom sex has been taboo, or dirty."

Last January, over WEEI in Boston, the emcee of a talk show, Jim Westover, allowed a number of women to call in and comment on the work that Masters and Johnson were doing, and predictably, most of them felt the work was morally wrong. But the answer that the researchers themselves would give was beautifully expressed by a 15-year-old girl who called in. She said, in a voice simple with awe in the face of all that remains to be discovered, "Well, if you learn something, anything, if you *learn* something, how can it be *wrong?*" □

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around our little town," the singer recalled recently. "We played all the different things around—Saturday night suppers and Sunday afternoon get-togethers, even played for white get-togethers, picnics and such. It was a cotton farming area, and working out on a farm, you don't have too many 'cabaret nights.' Saturday night is your big night."

Providing the musical impetus for dancers at rough-and-tumble back country dances, picnics, and houseparties had sharpened the young bluesman's vocal and instrumental abilities to a keen, incisive edge. The recordings made by the Library of Congress team reveal a performer whose singing and playing—though obviously patterned on Robert Johnson—are strong, individual, and marvelously detailed and mutually complementary. The recordings are the work of a major delta bluesman.

The following year Waters put the delta behind him. He moved to Chicago. "I always thought of myself as a musician," he explained. "The jobs I had back in Clarksdale and so forth, they were just temporary things. If I wasn't a good musician then, I felt that sooner or later I would be a good musician. I felt it in me. A little later I moved to Chicago. I was thinking to myself that I could do better in a big city. With my singing and the type of guitar I was playing, in my mind I thought I could do better. I could make more money, and then I would have more opportunities to get into the big record field."

But it was not as easy in the Windy City as the young bluesman had imagined. Though the war years were flush and there was a great deal of money to be earned in the war effort, the winds of change were blowing uncertainly through the music world. The antics of the beboppers were commanding considerable attention in the music press, and the emergence of that revolutionary and uncompromising music signaled at one level the mood of restlessness and discontent that was in the air.

At another level, the blues were at a crossroads too, though few knew it at the time. The vigorous country-rooted blues that Chicago had refined and regularized over the years since the 1920s, when it had been established as the influential blues recording center, had been progressively emasculated. The guts were gone. The once forceful, virile, highly individualized blues had been diluted by the big record companies to glossy, mechanistic self-parody and tasteless double entendre. The blues that Waters found on his arrival was as well-turned and sophisticated as it was empty of genuine emotion. It prized flashy, jazz-influenced musicianship and clever, flippant, unreal lyrics, which the young Waters, steeped in the direct, emotionally potent old blues, with their corrosive rhythms and terrible, real-as-life lyrics, was completely unequipped—technically, emotionally, and in every other way—to perform. He tried, to be sure, but was unable to accommodate his harsh, unrelenting, strongly individual, country-styled singing and playing to the bland, faceless city style.

Ultimately, however, the polished urban blues approach dug its own grave: it completely lost touch with the audience to which it ostensibly was directed. There was, in fact, an entirely new audience.

During the war years a great wave of northward migration had brought scores of thousands of Negroes from the rural south to the urban north to staff the war industries there—the steel mills of Gary and the automotive plants of Detroit, and the hundreds of heavy and light industries in Chicago. So huge was this northward wave, in fact, that almost half of the total movement of southern Negroes to the north in the period 1900-1950 took place during the years 1940 to 1947. Many of these Negroes streamed into Chicago—long a mecca for the oppressed southern worker—and they brought with them a love for the stark, rude, powerful, country-styled blues they had heard in their southern homes.

With few exceptions, there was little with which they could identify in most of the blues recordings the major record-producing firms—a virtual monopoly held by RCA Victor, Columbia, and Decca—dispensed with monotonous regularity during the 1940s. Slowly the big firms lost ground. They had completely misread the new blues audience—if, in fact, they even knew of its existence—had failed to take into account its new mood of restlessness and aggressiveness, and as the war ended and the country began to return to the business of peacetime, the large recording monopoly was virtually at an end, at least as far as the Negro audience was concerned.

The postwar years saw the emergence of a new blues style that perfectly mirrored the fast, exciting tempo of life in the urban north, a music that was as harsh, pungent and ruthless as life in the dark, teeming Negro ghettoes of Chicago, Gary, Detroit, Flint. (And producing the new blues records were a host of small, independent record firms, many of them Negro-owned or at least Negro-oriented.)

The impetus for the new blues style came from Muddy Waters. He had persevered in his music and after several years of playing to slowly growing audiences, first at houseparties, and later in the small, dingy taverns dotted throughout the city's huge south and west side black belt slums, he had managed to persuade the operators of Aristocrat (later to be called Chess), a small Chicago independent record-producing firm, to record him. His first recording for the label, *Feel Like Goin' Home* and *Can't Be Satisfied,* released in 1947, was an overnight sensation.

The performances were in the pure old delta style, Waters' stirring, emotive singing underlined by stinging bottleneck guitar—now electrically amplified in line with current postwar practice—and the striding, percussive "slap" bass of the late Big Crawford. Trading on the success of this record, Waters over the next few years gathered around him a group of like-minded, country-reared musicians and pragmatically evolved the definitive sound of the postwar blues.

The characteristic sound the Waters band projected was loud and brutal, with all the instruments, save drums, electrically amplified almost to the threshold of pain. The beat was slowed down and heavily emphasized. The standard instrumentation evolved was guitar, bass guitar, harmonica, and drums, with piano and electric bass added later. The music was hard, mean, and magnificent, and the band generated a blistering undertow of rhythmic power that swept all before it in a tumble of sound. Its force was almost a physical thing.

Over the surging insistence of the band, Waters' dark-hued, powerful voice chanted the Mississippi blues of his boyhood; in his singing could be heard echoes of the great delta singers he admired, House, Patton, and particularly Johnson, to whose superb, brilliantly imagistic style Waters was wholeheartedly committed.

The songs spoke of elemental things—life and death, anguish, joy, sadness, but primarily of the emotional polarities of love. Gone were the romantic insipidities of the Tin Pan Alley-influenced urban blues, replaced with a frank and brutal honesty about the pleasures and frustrations of physical love that was much closer to the actual attitudes and behavior of those to whom Waters was singing.

The years after the war, too, were uncertain and confused times at best, and Waters' compelling recordings were among the few touchstones of reality the recording industry offered Negroes. With these songs, at least, they could identify; Waters was singing to and for them. The songs, and more important, the style perfectly mirrored the harsh, fast, often brutal life of the ghetto, a life where hunger, poverty, illness and death were never very far away, where pleasures were quickly, often perilously, seized. With its heavy, powerful rhythm, shrilly electrified instrumentation, and dark, shouting vocal style, Waters' strong, undiluted music was perfect for dancing

away the stark realities of ghetto life: the listener could lose himself in it, if only temporarily. Waters' star rose.

Over the next several years he solidified and extended his initial success with a brilliant series of recordings—*Rolling Stone, Long Distance Call, Hootchie Kootchie Man, Louisiana Blues,* and *Just A Fool,* among scores of others—that rapidly established the Waters approach as the dominant postwar blues style. Countless groups began to emulate its brusque, rude force. Members of Waters' groups—harmonica players Little Jacobs and Junior Wells and guitarist Jimmy Rodgers—left to strike out with bands of their own, spreading further the Waters gospel.

In Detroit another Mississippian, John Lee Hooker, added more fuel to the R&B fires when he started recording in 1948. In a sense, Hooker's frenzied, hypnotic chanting and corrosive guitar playing were even more crude and primitive than Waters', but they possessed the same immediacy and directness of expression. In the wake of his recording success a whole passel of blues groups developed there, none of them, however, attaining the phenomenal success that Hooker achieved. But they did have the effect of further solidifying the postwar approach.

The early 1950s marked the emergence of several more important delta-rooted stylists: Howlin' Wolf (Chester Burnett) appeared with a powerful, dramatic modern adaptation of the old blues of Charlie Patton; Rice Miller and Elmore James stormed out of Jackson, Miss., with brilliant personal extensions of the old delta stylings. Miller, an awesomely gifted blues poet, adopted the name of the leading prewar harmonica stylist, Sonny Boy Williamson, though neither his voice nor his mouth harp, while strong and persuasive on their own terms, bore the slightest resemblance to those of the popular, influential Williamson. James played in a magnificently vigorous and individual style that was a logical extension of Robert Johnson's slashing bottleneck guitar approach. The three recorded extensively, and their records enjoyed immediate success.

These men—Waters, Hooker, Little Walter, Miller, Howlin' Wolf and James —had the combined effect of finally and fully consolidating the hard, mean postwar blues style, and the term "Chicago sound" was quickly coined by the music press to describe the approach. There developed—in Chicago and, to a much lesser degree, Detroit—a veritable school of performers and groups working in the shadows of Waters and the others. The older bluesmen who had been active in the years before the war saw the drift the blues was taking; they either adapted their old approaches to the new styles or they got out of music—it was that simple.

The newer generation of bluesmen took the Waters approach as their birthright. Jimmy Reed, Eddie Taylor, Magic Sam, Shakey Walter Horton, Otis Rush, J. B. Hutto, Snooky Pryor, Floyd Jones, John Brim, Bill Lucas, Willie Mabon, J. B. Lenoir and scores of others in Chicago; Baby Boy Warren, Eddie Kirkland, Washboard Willie, Dr. Ross and others in Detroit; Lightnin' Slim, Lazy Lester, Slim Harpo, Lonesome Sundown, and the remainder of the stable of southern artists recording for Nashville's Excello label—these and hundreds of other young bluesmen promulgated the tough, assertive, unsubtle new blues, bringing to it their own approaches and vocal and instrumental refinements and accretions. But the Chicago bluesmen remained the pacesetters; Waters and the others had definitively limned the contours of the style and it was they who extended and reworked them. The music's greatest achievements were those shaped wholly in Chicago, and the whole period—the late 1940s and early 1950s—there and elsewhere was one of stylistic consolidation and experimentation, a time of great excitement and musical ferment. All of Waters' great recordings had been made by 1955; all of Hooker's and James's, many of Miller's and many of Howlin' Wolf's as well.

By the middle of that decade the style was virtually unchallenged in its domination of the Negro record market; the new music had been the making of a number of record labels—Chess and Vee Jay in Chicago, and Excello in Nashville were among the most important, though there were others as well—and their emergence as important new outlets for the music of America's Negro subculture saw the pattern of record distribution (formerly monopolized by a few major labels) enter a revolutionary new phase. The new music was actively promoted over the large Negro radio stations that increasingly had served the needs of the subculture since the onset of World War II. The stage was set for the music's next development.

It came, in 1954, from an unexpected quarter. In that year the era of Rock and Roll was ushered in, quietly at first, when a young white singer, Elvis Presley, entered the Sun Record Company's Memphis studios to make some recordings for his own use. Sun officials, however, sensed great commercial potential in the young singer's approach, which combined the country-and-western music that was part and parcel of every young Southerner's background with Negro R&B stylings, and they signed him to a recording contract. Presley drew on a number of Negro artists in the shaping of his approach, the most noticeable—at least on Presley's early recordings—being the Mississippi bluesman Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup, whose acid, shouting vocal style Presley greatly admired.

Presley's recordings achieved phenomenal success in a very short time—such success, in fact, that his Sun contract was soon acquired by the behemoth RCA Victor label, whose huge promotional facilities were quickly brought into play to ballyhoo the by now pelvis-gyrating Presley. Elvis' recording, for Sun and RCA, effected a fairly appealing synthesis of white and Negro styles prevalent at the time. The rhythmic thrust and insinuating vocal delivery Presley borrowed from the R&B performers; he had smoothed out the burningly raw R&B sound, however, by tempering it with the more gentle, consonant approach of country-and-western music; and finally, he had replaced the frank, unbridled, brutally honest lyrics of the great R&B singers—with their forthright tales of the joys and sorrows of sexual love and conquest, and all the harsh, bitter reflections of ghetto living—with simplistic, inoffensive discourses on the vague, ardent yearnings of adolescent love (*Love Me Tender,* et al.), unfocused adolescent rebellion *(Blue Suede Shoes),* or vigorously rhythmic but otherwise unintelligible paeans to the virtues of the hard-driving new music.

He couldn't miss. By retaining much of the drive, frenzy and rhythmic thrust of R&B while at the same time reducing its lyric content to the level of the adolescent mind, Presley soon found that he had set a tidal wave in motion, a wave that was to ultimately engulf the world. The music of Presley and his imitators—Bill Haley, Jerry Lee Lewis, and many others—found immediate acceptance among the millions of disenchanted American teenagers who were thirsting for a music with which *they* could identify, which reflected the frenzied tempo of postwar living, and which in its lyrics was so patently directed at them.

Presley found unexpected allies in a pair of young Chicago-based Negro rhythm-and-blues performers, Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley (whose real name is Ellis McDaniel) —both of whom started recording in 1955 for the influential Chicago firm, Chess Records, that had originally recorded Waters eight years before. These men took the synthesis Presley had brought about, and by virtue of their far stronger R&B orientation, greater musicianship and creativity, brought the Rock and Roll style to what was perhaps its ultimate refinement. The songs of Berry, Diddley—and *their* followers, Little Richard, Larry Williams, Chuck Willis and Fats Domino, among many others—were rhythmically much more incisive than those of Presley and his camp, but they followed much the same orientation in their lyrics.

Berry—a St. Louis R&B performer who had come to Chicago in 1955, had met

Waters and through him obtained an audition at Chess Records, where he was immediately signed to a recording contract—defined the essence and main focus of R&R in his spectacularly successful recording, *Rock and Roll Music,* and the body of his work has concerned itself with the appurtenances and rationale of the American teenager—automobiles, soda shops, record hops, and inevitably, young love and dating, a kind of teenage dream world.

Diddley, on the other hand, had come of musical age in his home town of Chicago, where he had played and sung in the accepted postwar blues style in the south- and west-side Negro clubs and taverns before settling on the humorous, tongue-in-cheek R&R style with which he has since been identified. Diddley's infectious songs were concerned with a more personal vision and he has made telling use of semi-mythological figures of American life, such as the pioneer or the sexually precocious and boastful teenager, often in sly, sardonic fashion.

In a very real sense these two men, Berry and Diddley, both of whom have had a huge effect on the course of American popular music, represented perhaps the ultimate phase of R&B as a music that was grounded in the realities of Negro life. From the middle Fifties on, R&B became progressively less influential (even within the Negro subculture), as R&R rose to its astonishing popularity and worldwide acceptance.

The development of R&B into the much less emotionally incisive R&R has been carried even further afield in the intervening years, with succeeding groups of performers, in the absence of having anything of consequence to say within the style, further cheapening and diluting the once-proud music, reducing it to the same level of emasculated, inbred parody and trivial, banal lyric content that had characterized the urban blues when R&B took over.

While the course of popular music has rolled (and perhaps rocked) relentlessly on, the R&B and R&R styles still hold sway, by and large, in the small taverns, clubs and dancehalls of the Chicago ghetto. Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Buddy Guy, Junior Wells, Otis Rush, Magic Sam and others of their generation still dispense the hard, mean blues style that originally had been given the tag "the Chicago sound." The lyric content has been diluted and cheapened a bit; the powerful, deeply personal, terribly *real* country-oriented songs have given way to such novelties as *Got My Mojo Working, Built for Comfort,* and *High-Heel Sneakers*; the singers no longer perform with the stridency and ringing urgency of youth—but they do still work the old ground. Their audience, too, is made up largely of their own generation, those who danced and rocked and drank their cares away to the tough, clamorous modern blues when it was newborn and insistently demanding to be heard.

The younger generation of Negro record listeners and buyers worship elsewhere; they have given their allegiance to the Supremes, Martha and the Vandellas, Wilson Pickett, the Toys, the Marvelettes, Major Lance, Otis Redding, the Beatles, and other denizens of the Top 40 charts.

Music, as do all areas of human endeavor, moves in cycles. As one new musical style displaces an outmoded one, achieves domination and ultimately burns itself out, it is in turn succeeded by another, more vital style more fully attuned to the demands and needs of its listeners. Popular music, it would appear, is very susceptible to the rapidly changing whims of its listeners' tastes (many of which, it must be admitted, are manufactured by press agentry and other facets of mass media's promotional facilities) than are other, more stable musical forms like classical, theater, film, "mood" and folk music. The reason is readily apparent: inasmuch as R&R and its allied forms are so patently directed to the largely unrealized musical tastes of progressively younger audiences (recent estimates, for example, define today's pop record buyers as thirteen- to sixteen-year-old girls), there is a rapid turnover in styles, for each new wave of listeners tends to repudiate the music of the preceding one. A situation that leads to a high mortality rate among performers, important stylists unfortunately disappearing with the lesser talents that are buried in this immutable process of ongoing change.

And now it appears that R&R has run its course, as did R&B and the old urban blues before it, but it is not unlikely that the next few years will see the emergence of a new, vigorous musical style.

The winds of change are already blowing strongly. There is evidence of a healthy, renewed interest in the powerful, personal music of Waters and Howlin' Wolf in the recent recordings of the Rolling Stones and other British Big Beat groups, and the current development by Bob Dylan, Miss Baez, The Byrds, Barry McGuire, and Sonny and Cher, among others, of the so-called "Protest-Rock" style, which combines the strongly ryhthmic group approach of R&B with contemporary, personalized lyrics that at least say *something* about the conditions of human life *today,* is another greatly promising area. We shall have to wait and see what develops, however.

Perhaps Muddy Waters summed it up best. "I think the blues and popular music are getting closer together," he said reflectively. "The blues have to change, 'cause the people are changing

so fast nowadays. And they're learning all new ideas, and if you are a blues singer you have to be right *now* in this business. Young Negro kids now, they're so used to what they hear on the radio, they just turn away from the old blues . . . they don't feel that same reaction, that movement. It's not the music of today; it's the music of yesterday. Is it good for the blues to change like this? I don't think so. I really think the blues—the *real* blues—is just what I was doing when I made my first recordings."

Waters paused, then went on, "I think the blues—the old country-style blues—will die with us. I don't see any youngsters coming along in that style nowadays. The Negro kids, they don't like it at all; they're more interested in the popular music. And these young white kids that are playing in the old style," he said in reference to young folkniks like John Hammond, Dave Ray and John Koerner, who attempt to duplicate the style and content of the country blues, "now, maybe they feel the blues like I do, and maybe they can play like I do, but they can't *sing* like I do. So, I don't think that's the answer. I guess maybe the old blues will die, but I don't like to think about that."

Maybe, as Waters says, the blues have to change with the times, but that doesn't mean we have to *like* the passing of something honest, terribly real and vital from the American musical landscape. Something precious and *human,* we sense, has been taken away from us. □

TERRIBLE-TEMPERED WATCHDOGS

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ence," Low wrote in one of many books, "that in the bluff and counter-bluff of world politics, to draw a hostile war lord as a horrific monster is to play *his* game. What he doesn't like is being shown as a silly ass."

Quite apart from his contributions to the thinking and general awareness of our times, Low established for Britain's modern political cartoonists the highest standards of artistic freedom and integrity. When he left the liberal London *Evening Star* in 1927 to work for Lord Beaverbrook's conservative *Evening Standard,* he did so only after having captured a contract ensuring his right to say *whatever* he wanted about *whatever* and *whomever* he wanted, and to have as much space as he wanted. And once ensconced at the *Standard,* he promptly became what Malcolm Muggeridge has called "the Great Auk of the Beaverbrook Empire," lambasting all the Conservative causes, not excluding Beaverbrook himself.

If Low had a central thesis to his work, it was that "Now we on the Western side of the fence have created the semblance of Democracy-Liberty-Equality, we should hurry up and develop the individual responsibility and self-discipline that alone give it reality." (A good thesis for all seasons!) He couldn't tolerate, therefore, the "party-politics humbug" that relied on slogans and labels in place of principles and progressive thinking. Once after Low had depicted Beaverbrook as a witch on a broomstick, spreading "news for simple minds," the press lord was asked by a friend why he didn't fire Low. "I have, often," replied Beaverbrook, "but he won't go." Low finally did leave "The Beaver's" employ in 1950 – to work for another paper – but naturally he took Colonel Blimp along with him, and until his death in 1963 he continued to measure up to his chosen epitaph.

With Low gone, the laurels of being Britain's ranking political cartoonist fell to a refugee of Hitler's Germany known to admirers and enemies alike as Vicky. A smallish, balding, rather intense man in his early fifties, Vicky – his real name was Victor Weisz – was every bit as independent and irreverent-minded as was Low, and he, too, was entrenched in the enemy camp. "I'm working for a Tory-Conservative paper [the *Evening Standard*] and I'm completely free of editorial control," he told me with the ferocity of a man who believes everything he says. A fellow cartoonist described Vicky as "a politically idealistic person who believes that ideologies will introduce the Kingdom of Heaven on earth," but Vicky knew that if he couldn't change history he *could* reach the public with his ideas. Not infrequently, outraged readers of the *Standard* called up and insisted on their Magna Cartan right to speak to that ogre of the editorial page, Mr. Vicky. After a few generations of haranguing phone calls (he also received several tons of crank letters), Vicky found that the callers, if nothing else, were fairly predictable. They wanted to know his real name and, upon receipt of same, they crowed, "Ha! I *knew* you weren't British!" (Born a Hungarian Jew, Vicky was a British citizen for some years.) Occasionally the callers became really offensive at this point, but more often the debate continued on a reasonably high level. When neither side gave ground, according to Vicky, the caller often finished up saying, "Look here, old man, we must meet for a drink and argue this thing further." This olde English ploy, please note, is known as seducing thine enemy.

In addition to his *Standard* cartoons, Vicky contributed regularly to the distinguished leftist weekly, *The New Statesman,* where he was on home ground, as it were. Still, Vicky recognized the limitations of the editorial cartoon as a blunt instrument. No matter how strong his attack upon a British politician, usually there was a request for the original – apparently, surmised Vicky, "it is better to be caricatured than not drawn at all." (His favorite response was to ask each politician requesting an original to send a check to a cause they didn't support.) To be sure, the basic Vicky attack *was* caricature, enlivened by fantasy situations and frequent literary allusions, and the Vicky imagination leaned heavily toward the ironic. The cartoonist pictured Prime Minister MacMillan first as Mac the Knife, then as Supermac, still later as Minimac. When Lord Home took over the Conservative reins, Vicky at first found his mild features difficult to satirize, although he seemed to be "very unlikable." Then, Vicky found, Home "became more and more like my cartoons. I find this happens to almost everybody." After Harold Wilson's election in 1964, Vicky asked a friend of the new Prime Minister's to suggest to Wilson that he grow a beard "so he'll be drawable." And when the new Conservative leader, Edward Heath, lost a sharp debate with Wilson in Parliament last August, Vicky depicted him as a toothy, long-nosed pianist (Mr. Heath is an accomplished organist and pianist) next to a sign reading: "Don't shoot the pianist. He's doing his best."

After a quarter-century of taking umbrage, Vicky clearly had mellowed not a whit. As he and I left his office at the *Standard* (which surely houses one of the world's great collections of old, discarded newspapers) after my interview with him, a cleaning lady expressed her admiration for that day's cartoon. "Very good cartoon, Mr. Vicky," she said, cheerily. "Thank you, thank you," he responded with no false modesty. As a fellow artist, Osbert Lancaster, has observed of him, it was always "Vicky's agreeable task . . . to enliven the nourishing gin of British caricature with a strong dash of continental bitters." Vicky's death in March of this year was the second great loss to British cartooning's Murderers' Row in this decade.

Interestingly enough, Vicky was not the only major political cartoonist to bring foreign seasoning to his work in England. Low grew up in New Zealand, and William Pappas of the *Manchester Guardian* and *Sunday Times* (no relative to the daily *Times*) emigrated to England from South Africa six years ago. Coming from that troubled country, Pappas perhaps reflects a broader, more humanistic outlook than some of his confreres. "Science learned how to make

people live longer," he observes of mankind's febrile progress to date, "and how to kill us quicker, more efficiently and more completely." While Pappas shares others' doubts about the true impact of editorial cartoonists, he believes they do form "an Establishment within The Establishment—hammering away—that the general reading public doesn't know about." Moreover, it certainly doesn't *hurt* to have your work appear in two such prestigeous and diverse papers as the liberal *Guardian* (now published in London as well as Manchester) and the essentially conservative *Sunday Times.*

While he is one of the finest draughtsmen among Britain's political cartoonists, and in frequent demand as a magazine and book illustrator, the tall, dark and—yes—handsome Pappas avoids caricature simply because he feels that a politician's physical characteristics aren't important. Instead of the barbs of visual exaggeration, his is the sharp, perceptive approach which is no less independent because it is not biff! bang! irreverent. As with Vicky, politicians display the peculiar form of British masochism by requesting originals, and disgruntled readers write abusive letters. Pappas' reaction to these latter is one of ironic scorn. "Bloody cranks . . . write me letters, draw me drawings," he says, dryly adding the information that "old ladies" write the most and "the worst ones come on post cards." Generally speaking, he takes a *caveat emptor* position toward his readers. If a partisan of the Liberals takes a cartoon, has it enlarged to placard size, and then parades all over London with it, that's all right with Pappas. And if a host of Scotsmen complain that "I didn't draw their bloody bridge right [the new bridge from Edinburgh across the Bay of Forth]," well, that's certainly *their* privilege. Pappas' job is to draw his cartoons and deliver them on time. It is not his task to answer to anyone, reader or editor. "I just drop it off and say 'There you are,' " he explains, and "There you are" bloody well answers any editorial obligations that exist for William Pappas of South Africa and London.

In contrast to Vicky and Pappas, Michael Cummings of the *Daily Express* must tangle with the editorial obligations of working for one of the world's largest newspapers. The *Express,* with 4,000,000-plus circulation, is second among England's dailies only to the tabloid *Daily Mirror,* and only in Japan, Russia and perhaps China is its daily readership exceeded. Also of paramount importance is the fact that the larger London dailies are as much national papers as London papers. (Remember that the august *New York Times* just recently failed in its attempt to maintain a West Coast edition and only the *Wall Street Journal,* hardly a purveyor of much general news, is read on a truly national basis in this country.) The problems of Michael Cummings, therefore are (1) how to reach a mass intelligence without (2) insulting his own intelligence.

"You *have* to remember you're drawing for a huge public," concedes Cummings, "but in this country there is a tendency to give a newspaper cartoonist a lot of freedom. I've done work for the French press, and I've been asked—or warned—'Please don't make De Gaulle's nose too long.' " An articulate, serious—but not militant—man in his forties, Cummings responds to the problems of working for a paper which "tends to lean right but is read by people of every political shade" by giving the lie to each ideological stop-off point on the political spectrum. "One gets terribly bored with all this crap that gets spouted out," he says, noting that neither of the major parties has a monopoly on the "crap" fallout: "Behind Mr. Wilson you have these legions of fossilized trade unions . . . Both sides are chained to their prejudices." And how does the more-conservative-than-not *Express* react to having its editorial bias tweaked? Quite sportingly, as it happens.

Cummings' usual procedure is to read all the papers when he arises, then rough out several cartoons. His editor selects the one he feels is most telling or humorous, and if Cummings happens to agree with him or has no special preference, that's all there is to that. Just as likely, a small debate ensues: "If there's a cartoon I'm middling keen about to go in, he'll say okay. *Or* he *may* say, 'I'd be glad if you didn't insist on that one.' Generally speaking, it's a very relaxed attitude of give and take, but I have *carte blanche* to do anything I want to do." For Cummings, this is the real issue, not the hassle over a particular cartoon: "To run a cartoonist in a straitjacket—to forbid certain ideas—dries him out. The imagination doesn't have a hope in hell if it's restricted." On at least one occasion, he recalls, his pleasant face wrinkling into a sly smile, Cummings' paper paid him the consummate tribute—an editorial which ran counter to his cartoon was postponed until the next day. Neither the cartoon nor the editorial, it should be recorded, had anything to do with President De Gaulle's proboscis.

Pink-faced, white-haired where he owns any hair (mostly on the sides), and marvelously bushy-browed, Leslie Illingworth of the *Daily Mail* is the very prototype of the movie Englishman. But there the resemblance ends. A freethinking Welshman of many years' adventures in the newsprint trade, Illingworth delights in skinning the English whenever they begin acting like The Chosen People. "The thing I'm most against," he says, "is chauvinism—the feeling there's something special about us. I'm all for accommodating people as against thinking we're something special." Then he adds, with a certain relish: "Chauvinism is the worst thing after religion!"

Still warming to his subject, Illingworth points out that the English "are very much legislated by a sense of good." But that's *relative* Good. *Anglo*-Good. "With regard to India and the Empire, the British felt it in their belly that what they were doing was good," he continues. "Now it's 'good' to have this bloody big bomb to keep everyone from killing everyone. It's terrible that man should



"Boy, what I wouldn't give to be a lion!"

have to have physical force placed on him to keep him in line. Why do people *ever* have weapons? . . . it's *unthinkable,* anyway!"

In his work for the pro-Tory *Daily Mail* (circulation: 2,400,000), Illingworth is a highly individualistic—as opposed to iconoclastic—artist. "The trouble is over the way I do it," he says, paraphrasing the song lyrics: "It's not *what* I do, it's the *way* I do it." He is also one of the two editorial cartoonists for *Punch*—the other is Norman Mansbridge—and each week one of the two produces what has come to be known as "the *Punch* cartoon." The genesis of each cartoon can be traced to the weekly meetings around the famous *Punch* Table, where for over a century editors and artists have plotted the weekly cartoon. After preliminary sketches of each idea under consideration, one is chosen and it becomes the job of either Illingworth or Mansbridge to make it memorable. Not all *Punch* cartoons attempt to strike a topical note, rather some are summing-up jobbers intended to make a large statement. There is a danger, of course, that too many satirical conceits will spoil the cartoon, and Illingworth agrees that sometimes this does happen. "The committee system is bound to water it down," he says, but for him the vital thing is that "you can say what you like. Chauvinism's out at *Punch* now. The old-women conservatives feel out of it now."

And so long as chauvinism is out, Illingworth must certainly remain In.

Another *Punch* contributor, and very much an In artist these days, is a slim, young, good-looker named Gerald Scarfe. His drawings have been described by a fellow artist as "brilliant and disgusting," and there is no argument that he translates his disgust into tortured, nightmarish figures. As this same artist has said of Scarfe, "You cannot imagine any of his 'victims' (for once the cliché really applies) asking for the original." One much-discussed Scarfe drawing rendered MacMillan into Christine Keeler as an old whore; Lord Home was little more than a skull in another Scarfe caricature. Yet this angry young artist could go to Parliament for Sir Winston Churchill's farewell appearance there and capture both the senility *and* the past glory of the dying old warrior. "I make my own comment," He says, noting that often the article he has been commissioned to illustrate is "too weak" for the comment Scarfe wants to make. The result, of course, is an uneasy truce, with the drawing almost overwhelming the words it was designed to amplify.

Scarfe has done work for the *Sunday Times, Town* and a number of other British publications, but it is only at London's raucous *Private Eye* that he has been welcome from the start. "The British press is still too conservative to print much of me," Scarfe says, "but they never question me at *Private Eye.*" Still, some questions *ought* to persist. Scarfe was born into an upper middle-class family, he drives a sports car and lives in pleasantly bohemian digs in London's lovely Hampstead section—so why and whence that savage vision? By his own admission, Scarfe has a strong case of "contemporary shock"—like the Man from *Hamlet,* he knows that something is rotten in the state of mankind, and if his private ghosts —as an admirer has aptly put it—"are ghosts of the unhappy possibilities of the time," that knowledge is hardly enough to exorcise them. Although still on this side of thirty, Scarfe is as unlikely to mollify his vision as the world is likely to suddenly make sense. Thus for him the darkness will have to be light enow, as someone or other once suggested, and he bids well to become one of the most corrosive satirical forces on either side of the Big Pond.

The final entry in our little rogues' gallery of artistic *provocateurs* is Trog, a collective pseudonym for George Melly and Wally Fawkes, two personable lads who don't give a damn whom they offend. "We're more anti-Establishment than anti-political," says Fawkes, a tall, Vikingesque chap, and although Trog's work appears in a variety of publications, it is probably most felicitously seen in *The New Statesman.* There the *Trog* cartoon is apt to be a "three-way thing" concocted by Fawkes, Melly and *New Statesman* Editor Paul Johnson, but certainly the result is no less incite-ful for having been a joint effort. "*The New Statesman* never turns anything down because it's too strong," says Fawkes, but the rejects from elsewhere ofttimes wind up in *Private Eye.* Trog also turns out a very hip comic strip, *I, Flook,* which is sort of a British *Pogo.* However, there is really no equivalent to the special bite of a *Trog* cartoon. Trog, by the way, is short for troglodyte —caveman, to you—but Melly and Fawkes display little reverence for the past. They run an old-fashioned English music hall variety show, true, but it is one populated by sardonic characters, all of whom chip away with very definite malice aforethought at the vestigial remains of a self-preserving past. In brief, Trog is a collective disestablishmentarian—which is nice work, if you can hold on to it.

Walt Kelly, who is your genial philosopher from the Okefenokee Swamp if you are a *Pogo* partisan, once wrote an endearing little essay in which he observed that "one real rule for humor is very simple—when people are fools, they are funny. And if the people who happen to be funny are us, we are nonetheless funny. That disaster can result when too many of us are fools still does not change the basic mechanical formula of the joke." It is, I submit, a lesson not so very well learned in America, despite the alleged satire wave of recent years. So long as Americans are unwilling—or unable—to laugh at what it means to be an American in these frenetic times, we must look to the few satirical souls among our editorial cartoonists to use their own kind of electric prod on our consciences and sensitivities. Yet England's political cartoonists must overcome *that* nation's fondness for self-abuse—after all, the bastards keep asking for the originals of your most vicious cartoons—in order to keep reminding the English who and where they are. With humor and great imagination and a killer's instinct seldom seen on these shores, they tell the truth as they see it—and not as any editor or publisher sees it for them. They can do no more and, happily, they are pledged to doing no less. Now that the Spanish Armada and Hitler and the Empire have all been accounted for, the English are their own best enemy, thanks to the terrible-tempered watchdogs of Fleet Street. ☐

ADVERTISING FOR A LADY FRIEND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

passed from one person to another in the advertising department, repeating my introductory presentation at each stop. They gave me essentially the *Times* view, but one chap hit on a point that I had been keeping under cover, for it gets into a whole new essay:

"How are you going to keep *married* men from placing ads like that," he said, after our discussion had gone past company policy and into pure theory.

"I would not investigate the advertiser's private affairs," I said. "Some of them ought to advertise, of course. They do anyhow, in other inefficient ways. So do the wives. It's their inefficiency that gets them into trouble. It was the inefficiency of their original search that got them into a bad marriage."

"You can say that again," he said, fixing me with a somber ruminative stare. "But the way it is, the women are the ones who send in the complaints. We have to think of our readers. Take movie advertising. We print a movie ad with a naked broad in it and right away we start getting letters. They're all from women."

"How about a broad with all her clothes on and who is getting her head chopped off?"

"No problem."

"Any ads from marriage counselors, as

they are called?"

"Well, once I think we ran a few ads from these lonely-hearts clubs. But those things were a racket. We got complaints. So we cut it out. I'll tell you what I would suggest—the only place where they still run lonely-hearts ads, the *National Inquirer* or one of those papers. You know, 'Father Rapes Ten-Year-Old Daughter While Mother Takes Pictures' on the front page. And the London *Times*. I hear they run ads like that in the London *Times,* on the front page, where they run all their classified stuff."

I told him I had checked the London *Times,* and they didn't.

"Well, they do things by season in London. But what you really ought to do is put your ad in the *Village Voice*. Maybe it's not a big circulation, but think of your readers, that's the whole thing. There in the Village you have a bunch of readers who are looking for stuff like this. I would say the *Voice* is your best bet."

I did not get down to the *Village Voice* until a couple of weeks later, because when I left the *Tribune* I bought a copy of the *National Informer,* and in it I saw a remarkable ad.

Please note the difference: the *National Inquirer* has received the most publicity of all these sheets, and its editor has been written up in the Sunday magazine of the *Herald Tribune*. It has the choicest murders. But the *National Informer* has by far the most personal ads, three or four pages, along with legitimate business ads with headlines like ESOTERIC RUBBER ATTIRE, MAGICAL SECRETS FOR LOVE, and FREE TO ALL!!! SEX PRODUCTS. Fifteen or twenty per cent of the personals are placed by couples who want to meet other couples for "social companionship." The rest are all kinds.

I was not unfamiliar with the *Informer*. Several months earlier I had myself placed a personal ad in it—an ad in which I summoned all the literary skill at my command to make it plain that I was looking for a lady, a female, friend. I received about a dozen replies, through a box number, all from male homosexuals. What did you expect, I hear someone say. Not much. I thought I'd try it.

But in the issue I picked up after leaving the *Tribune* I spied an ad the like of which I had not seen before:

> CONGENIAL N.Y. LADY
> Attractive, charming, feminine lady, 30s, blonde, soft-spoken, sincere, wishes to hear from clean-cut well-groomed gentleman, to 30s, for social companionship, evenings. Up-to-date, spirited, not marriage-minded. Photo, phone, please. Box XXX.

All right, yeah, yeah. It looked too good to be true. But maybe just for that reason it was true . . . no? And the people who write come-on ads to get your name on a mailing list are not the sort to use words like "spirited."

I thought I would answer the ad and see if I got any response before going to the *Voice,* my last resort. In this way I would be armed; I could tell them I had tried everything.

I wrote the lady a letter and in about a week I received a phone call from her —in the evening. She said she looked like a combination Doris Day and Elizabeth Taylor. I should have hung up right then and there. Instead I complimented her on her choice of words in the *Informer* ad.

"My husband wrote it," she said. She went on to inform me that her husband was a genius. He recognized that she was "insatiable." She liked to have two men, alternating all night long.

I may be suggesting that she did all the talking, but it soon became clear that she wanted me to do most of the talking. She wanted descriptions. I don't know whether she was somewhat drunk or her speech was naturally slurred, possibly some of each. "I'm not a mennal giant," she said several times. "In fack I'm a mennal midget. But that's how I am, you know? I'm *insatiable* [clearly pronounced], even though all the mothers at the PTA think I'm real nice. I have three boys and one is a genius. And I know all the erroneous places. My husband taught me all the erroneous zones."

"The what?"

"The erroneous zones, and not just the obvious ones."

"Oh. Erogenous."

"I told you I'm no mennal giant. Do you know the er-rog . . . uh, I mean not just the obvious ones?"

"I reckon."

"You *what?* I bet you don't even know the obvious ones . . . do you . . .?"

And so on. Every time I suggested meeting for lunch—what the hell, see the thing through, you know—she got very husky and said, sure, darling, and tried to get back to describing things. After a while she began to mumble and gurgle and hung up.

You may say that she was one who got kicks from the phone only and looked like Tugboat Annie, and what did I expect. Not much. I would only expect something, favorable odds, from an ad in the New York *Times;* but the *Times*

won't allow the ads because they assume, because of their peculiar socio-religious tradition, that only people like that girl on the phone would place such ads. Me, with my naïve faith in humanity, I believe there are many many people like me who would advertise in the *Times*. And if the pages of the *Times* were open to the likes of me it wouldn't matter to that girl on the phone; she would continue to advertise in the *National Informer*, which is her kind of newspaper.

I didn't expect much from the *Village Voice* either, but now at least I was armed, and I went over there.

There were two young ladies and a woman of a certain age on the ground floor at Sheridan Square in a small room with a few typewriters and a lot of receipts and old papers lying around. I was wearing my conservative tailor-made suit and carrying an attaché case, you know, and I told them I wanted to advertise in the *Voice* for a lady friend.

I don't remember them saying muth or looking anything but rather dull during my introductory presentation. They didn't have anything like the sense of humor that the *Times* man had. But when I got to the part about the homosexuals in the apartment-to-share ads, the older woman sat up quickly and said, "They *never* advertise in the *Voice*. Oh sure, they try, all right. But we can spot them a mile away. You should *see* some of the ads I get in here and throw out."

"Like what?"

"Oh, they're just stupid weird. Who do they think we are? 'Blue-eyed boy with blue silk drapes has dreamy apartment with blue air to breathe with boy who is oh so blue,' and stuff like that. We can spot 'em a mile away."

I told them that wasn't how it was done. "And the *Times*," I said, "the *Times* and the *Tribune* both acknowledged. . . ."

"They *never* advertise in the *Voice*," she said.

The first young lady then spoke up. "They know we won't let them, so we really don't get many like that."

The second young lady had been quietly eyeing me. "Are you going to write something about this? They *never* advertise in the *Voice*."

I let that part of it ride and got to the main part, logical reasons why I ought to be allowed to advertise for a lady friend, a member of the opposite sex. To make their response short, no dice—even after I put it to them that they ought to think of their readers.

Then they began to make suggestions about alternative search systems. The older woman said, "Go to a bar. Plenty of women in the bars around here."

The first young lady seemed to understand that bars were not the answer, and if they were perhaps I might have thought of them myself. So she said, "Why don't you join the Village Independent Democrats?"

Then the second young lady came up with one I hadn't heard. "Single people go to the Theater of Psychodrama. Why don't you go to the Theater of Psychodrama?"

I thought maybe this was a wisecrack, but the way they all picked it up forced me to believe they were only trying to be helpful. The older woman whipped out the latest issue of the *Voice* and looked in the Bulletin Board column, where the Theater of Psychodrama is advertised every week. "It's on tonight!" she said, pleased for me. I guess she thought I needed therapy, not a lady friend.

"Okay," I said, "I'll go to the Theater of Psychodrama." By this time everybody was more or less smiling, and I thought I was leaving them approximately with no ill will. So in my most polite manner I asked the first young lady if I might have the honor of taking her to the Theater of Psychodrama that evening. Her response was instantaneous. She was busy. She did not solicit a rain check.

I did go to the Theater of Psychodrama that night ($2.50 admission), and that was rather more comical than any of my newspaper interviews; but none of the mentals there were sexual, and I don't recommend the place as a system for reducing the odds against finding a true mental-sexual partner on random acquaintance.

Since all of the foregoing happened I have had a good deal of time to mull it over in solitude, and to wonder what one can actually do. My advice to other unwillingly solitary people who wish to find a mental-sexual partner through advertising is that at this time there is only one way to do it: Wait for a calm, bright day, hire an airplane with a smoke vent, and write your ad on the sky. □

ANDY WARHOL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

coated Hershey's Chocolate kiss and now Europe will be silvered 'cause it's '66 and Andy's going to Europe with new Campbell's Soup cans and The Velvet Underground and underground movies and the Stones, and the Su-PREMES and handsome women and beautiful men, and Ondine and Arthur and. The phone rings constantly it's Dylan or Brian Jones or *Life* or *Look* or Hen-ERY or Hunting-Ton or Mar-Cel or de-vine Sal-va-dor, it's wonderful, it's Fan Tas Tic, it's ARE YOU READY?? It's It's simply MAR! VAH!! Lous!!! —*N.F.*

To conduct the interview that follows, we took our tape recorder to the "Factory," as Warhol calls his studio, which is located on the fourth floor of a rickety loft building in Manhattan's east forties. The interior of the Factory—walls, ceiling, and floor—and everything in it, is painted silver or covered with a veneer of Reynolds Wrap—which produces a curiously timeless, abstract feeling. About the only furniture, aside from a few props left over from movie-making, is a couple of pieces in the 1930's "moderne" style—a lucite-and-glass china cabinet and the semi-circular couch on which we conducted the interview. In the center of the Factory six or seven youths, male and female, all sporting tight pants and long hair, were languidly frugging to the Beatles' latest number, blasting from a loudspeaker.

A few minutes after we arrived, the silver door to the Factory opened and Andy Warhol stepped in to offer us an inanimate handshake. Except for his hair, which, like the interior of the Factory, seems to sport an applied silver color, Warhol creates a completely unobtrusive presence. He is pale and slight. He uses few gestures, speaks softly, sometimes almost inaudibly, and wears dark glasses indoors and out. It is almost impossible to tell whether the aura of bland self-concealment that surrounds him is a mask assumed to create a paradox or, true paradox, is simply the real man himself.

This interview may be read as a Pop Art psychodrama. The cast of characters includes, besides the subject, a number of Assistants to the Artist, who, abandoning the Beatles, draped themselves around our couch.

Before we could get our tape recorder warmed up, Andy Warhol produced his own transistorized set and placed the microphone before us.

Warhol: Have you ever been taped before?

Cavalier: No. At any rate not as a part of the underground movement.

Warhol: We should make a video tape of this interview at the same time so we could look at it.

Cavalier: This is a very interesting looking place, although the Reynolds Wrap seems to be coming loose here and

there. Is there any particular meaning behind everything being painted silver?

Warhol: Well, you might say I have a fondness for silver, or even gold for that matter.

Cavalier: The gold seems to be well hidden. Where did you get this cellophane-wrapped couch?

Warhol: It just arrived one day. Apparently someone made a mistake in the address and had it delivered here.

Cavalier: You didn't tell them it was a mistake?

Warhol: No. We didn't want them to have to move something that heavy again after they'd already brought it here.

Cavalier: About when did the Pop Art movement begin?

Warhol: I guess about five years ago.

Cavalier: Salvador Dali has been quoted as saying that he is the father of Pop Art. Have you any comment on that?

Warhol: I don't know. He's certainly been around a long time. But it's hard to understand what he is saying most of the time.

Cavalier: What were the first Pop Art things you did?

Warhol: I did comic strips and ads. A great many artists were working on different ideas at the same time. Things just fell together to create the Pop Art movement.

Cavalier: Why did you start with comic strips? Were you interested in them as an entertainment medium or, as some intellectuals regard them, a kind of illustrated modern mythology?

Warhol: I don't know. Just as comic strips, that's all. They were things I knew and they are relatively easy to draw or, better still, to trace. I also did movie stars—Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor, Troy Donahue—during my "death" period. Marilyn Monroe died then. I felt that Elizabeth Taylor was going to die, too, after her operation. I thought that there were a lot of people who were going to die—like Troy Donahue.

Cavalier: Why did you think Troy Donahue was going to die?

Warhol: I don't know. He just looked like it. I concentrated on a series of Marilyn Monroe. She fascinated me as she did the rest of America. I did about forty paintings of her. Most of them are in gallery shows and private collections. But I still have some of them myself.

Cavalier: Are they all different?

Warhol: Most of them are. I used photographs. I made multiple-color silk screen paintings—like my comic strip technique. Why don't you ask my assistant Gerry Malanga some questions? He did a lot of my paintings.

Cavalier: Mr. Warhol, what's *your* role in making the paintings?

Warhol: I just selected the subjects, things that I didn't have to change much.

Cavalier: With such a lack of involvement in your own work, what value if any could your painting hold for you?

Warhol: Oh, I don't know . . . [At this point a lanky, wavy-haired young man dressed in short pants, sandals, and sun glasses appeared in the silver entrance to the Factory.] Oh! Ondine does some of my Pop Art work. Come here, Ondine, we're being taped. Just a few words.

Ondine: I have to go to the bathroom first.

Warhol: Oh, no, come here first.

Cavalier: Do you have *any* feeling at all about the images you create?

Warhol: Ondine, you're *not* going to the bathroom.

Cavalier: By the way, you have a great mirror in there. It's very narcissistic.

Warhol: Really? Where is it? I don't remember.

Cavalier: Behind the door. It gives you a two-way view of yourself using the toilet. But let's get back to art. Most of the things you paint are simply exact recreations—rather than interpretations—of perfectly ordinary things: Brillo boxes, dollar bills, matchbook covers. Some are recognizable as art only because they are displayed in a gallery instead of a supermarket. When you paint these objects do you have a specific audience in mind?

Warhol: No.

Cavalier: What is your feeling then? Do you want anyone to react to them, or do you paint them just to please yourself?

Warhol: It gives me something to do.

Cavalier: As opposed to what? Nothing to do?

Warhol: Yes.

Cavalier: There must be more rewarding things to do than printing dozens of Brillo labels by hand. It must take a great deal of time and effort.

Warhol: It doesn't take long, especially when you have a lot of people helping you.

Cavalier: Do you expect people to regard them as works of art?

Warhol: No, we don't have any feeling about them at all, even when we are doing them. It just keeps us busy. It's something to pass the time.

[Ondine comes out of the bathroom.]

Warhol: Oh, Ondine—don't disappear again. Please.

Cavalier: Why is Ondine emptying a bucket of water into the toilet?

Warhol: It's very important. The toilet doesn't work very well.

Cavalier: To return to the fine arts: Why do people buy your art?

Warhol: I don't know.

Cavalier: Isn't there a slight chance that you're trying to find out just how far the public will follow your artistic experiments?

Warhol: No. It just gives me something to do.

Cavalier: Have you ever met anyone who has bought your work?

Warhol: Just one—and they keep sending it back without paying for it. Usually for personal reasons.

Cavalier: What do you mean? That they've hung it wrong or you don't like it?

Warhol: No. They just keep sending it back. It's not the price. They can afford the money. Oh! Ondine. *Please* say a few words. Come on.

Ondine: When shall I *ever* get to bed?

Warhol: Just sit right here next to me.

Ondine: (To Cavalier): Hello. How are you? What's that (indicating microphone)?

Cavalier: That's Warhol's—this is ours (microphone)—the real taping.

Ondine: Then I'll talk into Warhol's.

Warhol: Ondine was the subject of my six-and-a-half-hour movie "sleep." He was the only thing on camera for the entire film.

Cavalier: Ondine, then, is living, walking subject matter.

Warhol: Well, walking, yes.

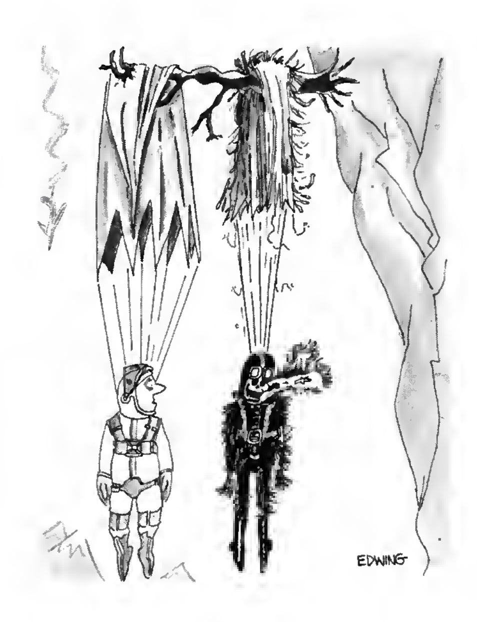
Ondine: I am *just* walking; I have a *terrible* cold. I haven't been able to sleep in almost three days.

Cavalier: Is Ondine a Pop artist?

Warhol: No, but he does some sculpture. What would you say, Ondine?

Ondine: I hope people never will buy anything that I do. I never want to be popularly accepted. For instance, I won't appear in any movies other than Andy Warhol's, and they aren't popularly accepted.

Cavalier: Does he pay you?
Ondine: Of course not. I do it for love.
Cavalier: Why, again, Mr. Warhol, do you think people go out and buy a Brillo box painted by you when they can just as well buy the real thing for a few cents, if they regard this as art?
Warhol: They could get SOS, the rust-free soap pads. Ondine, what kind do you use?
Ondine: I use any kind that will give my complexion that fresh scrubbed look. Sunkist like a lemon.
Warhol: I thought your mouth was sunkist.
Ondine: My *mouth?* Oh, no. That's a dew drop.
Warhol: Somebody get Ondine a glass of water.
Cavalier: Ondine, do you like other people's Pop Art?
Ondine: I don't know other people's Pop Art. I only know Andy's.
Cavalier: That's hard to believe. Mr. Warhol, have you, like many other artists today, ever been in analysis, or taken any hallucinogenic drugs?
Warhol: No, I think I face everything straight on.
Cavalier: Do you think this is reflected in your painting?
Warhol: I think it is. Ondine, do you like the magic book I gave you? Are you a witch, Ondine?
Ondine: Yes, I do like the book but I couldn't be a witch, I'm not from the Bronx.
Cavalier: Do you have to be from the Bronx to be a witch?
Ondine: All the witches I've met are from the Bronx.
Cavalier: Mr. Warhol, did you ever study art?



Warhol: No, I never did, but Ondine did in high school.
Ondine: Yes, but I only paint myself. White. With water-soluble paint. I was at Henry Geldzahler's and he was painting the bathroom. I got some paint on myself and decided to take my clothes off and paint myself all over. Then he took the brush away from me.
Cavalier: Mr. Warhol, you just said that you hadn't studied painting. Has there been a strong influence in your work?
Warhol: Mark Chagall. I love his work very much. I never had any thought of copying his art, but I did feel that I could express my ideas as he has.
Cavalier: When did you start painting?
Warhol: About four or five years ago.
Cavalier: What about the time prior to that?
Warhol: Before that time I was very young.
Cavalier: Yes. I'm sure you were. Are you interested in what the critics say about your work?
Warhol: No, just Henry Geldzahler. He's a good friend—a fan. And I want him to care. Whatever anyone else says has no value to me concerning my work. I don't need approval. I have confidence in what I'm doing.
Cavalier: What is the future of Pop Art?
Warhol: It's finished.
Cavalier: What will you do?
Warhol: I'll become more involved in my movies. I haven't done any painting since May of last year.
Cavalier: Have you made any money from your paintings?
Warhol: Yes. But it just covers the cost of making movies. I don't pay any of the people who act in them or help conceive the ideas, but film and processing cost a lot, and the rent of the Factory and the props.
Cavalier: Could you tell us something about your movies?
Warhol: It would take too long. There are over forty of them.
Cavalier: Film Culture magazine has said that your "Underground" movies are a "meditation on the objective world, in a sense . . . a cinema of happiness." Some of your films, however, are about rather bizarre aspects of the objective world. For example, *Eat* is forty-five silent minutes of a man eating a mushroom, *Empire* is eight solid hours of the world's tallest building. *Blow Job* has been described as one half hour of "a passionate matter handled with restraint and good taste." One of your newest sound films, "Vinyl," has a couple of scenes of what the Victorian English referred to as "buggery," a subject which, by any name, is still regarded rather gravely by polite society. In view of such controversial subjects, have you ever encountered any trouble showing your films?
Warhol: In the past there has been at least one bad scene I can recall—a police raid. But I think they've about gotten over this by now.
Cavalier: When did you first start making movies?
Warhol: About two years ago. I just suddenly came up with the thought that making movies would be something interesting to do, and I went out and bought a Bolex 16mm camera. I made my first movie in California, on a trip to Los Angeles. I went there with Taylor Meade, an Underground movie star. We stayed in a different place every day. We took some shots in a men's room out at North Beach and we used one of the old Hollywood mansions for some of the inside shots. The movie we were shooting was "Tarzan and Jane Regained Sort of." Taylor Meade called it his most anti-Hollywood film.
Cavalier: Where do you show them?
Warhol: They were showing one at the Cinematheque the other night. And they play at the Astor Playhouse.
Cavalier: Is there any relation between your paintings and your movies?
Warhol: No, but there will be. Henry Geldzahler said I could combine my movies and my paintings.
Cavalier: What do you mean?
Warhol: I don't think I should go into details right now.
Cavalier: Who besides Ondine has played in your films?
Warhol: Baby Jane used to. Edie Sedgwick is our new superstar.
Cavalier: Where do you make your movies?
Warhol: Nearly all of the indoor shots can be done here in the Factory, as the props are very stark, almost severe. The outdoor shots are done wherever we feel like doing them. In the beginning when we first started with film we went about it in the traditional way technically. They were cut and edited as any other films are. We've given that up now. We feel we're beyond that.
Cavalier: Not long ago you were experimenting with video tape. In fact you said you might do all your future work with tape.
Warhol: Well, yes, we were working with some equipment from the Norelco people. It was all here at the Factory, and as you can see, it's gone now. They made a promotional thing of it including an underground party on the railroad tracks underneath the Waldorf Astoria, down where the tracks run towards Grand Central Station. It was climaxed by the filming of a dueling scene. Video tape has its advantages, such as immediate playback and you can get

by with very little light. It allows for instant retakes and with this you can maintain the particular mood that has been created for a scene.

Cavalier: You must have some sort of crew for making these movies.

Warhol: Well I do, and then there are two secretaries for correspondence and answering the phone and changing records on the phonograph.

Cavalier: What movie are you doing now?

Warhol: We are doing a movie called "Breathe," and after that we'll do a movie a week, but they'll be straight movies.

Cavalier: What do you mean by "straight" movies?

Warhol: I can't define it—Let's just say something that's not vacuous.

Cavalier: Do you have any particular person in mind for these movies?

Warhol: Edie Sedgwick will be in all of them.

Cavalier: In 1964, when she was named "Girl of the Year," Baby Jane appeared in many of your movies. Do you think her parts in your films had anything to do with her other successes?

Warhol: Oh, yes. She really hadn't done anything until she joined our group.

Cavalier: How did that come about?

Ondine: (interrupting) She just appeared here one afternoon. She was swept in by a group of fairies and then decided to come back every now and then.

Cavalier: Do you have fun making your movies?

Warhol: Oh, yes, I enjoy it.

Cavalier: Even the one showing Ondine sleeping for over six hours?

Warhol: Well, I've never watched all of that one. I just fed film into the camera and made sure it was taking the pan shots and other shots that I wanted. In the end, though, we only used 100 feet of the film we shot, running it over and over again for eight hours. We don't edit any of the films. What I sometimes do is use two reels of the three reels we may have shot.

Cavalier: Do you want a lot of people to see your films?

Warhol: I don't know. If they're paying to see them. By the way, they can be rented. There's a catalog, and the cost is nominal: one dollar per minute. A 30-minute film can be rented for $30. "Sleep" rents for $100, at a special rate, and you can get all eight hours of "Empire" for $120.

Cavalier: A lot of people have said that these are pretty boring films.

Warhol: They might be. I think the more recent ones with sound are much better.

Cavalier: You say you are not going to continue painting in order to concentrate on movie-making. Is there any one particular reason for this?

Warhol: I decided to concentrate entirely on films when I met the most fantastic man in the world, Huntington Hartford. He is very enthused about what we are trying to do. He has offered us the use of his Paradise Island in the Bahamas to make our next film.

Cavalier: Knowing the kind of conservative art that is shown in Mr. Hartford's Gallery of Modern Art it is hard to imagine him taking part in such an avant-garde venture.

Warhol: Well, along with everyone else he is very excited about this project. It's to be our first full-length picture. By that I mean it will have a large cast and a complete crew of technicians and a carefully prepared script.

Cavalier: What will distinguish this from your other films besides the large cast and crew?

Warhol: We plan to make money from it. Not just enough to cover the rent here at the Factory and the cost of processing film but a good deal of money.

Cavalier: Can you tell us something about this film?

Warhol: It will be *Jane Eyre*. Chuck Wein is writing the shooting script. We know we want a total running time of one hour and forty minutes and that Edie Sedgwick will be the star. Why don't you ask Chuck some questions?

Cavalier: How do you do, Mr. Wein? How did you get involved with Andy Warhol?

Chuck Wein: It was an accident. I was at a party with Edie and Andy asked me if I'd like to write a movie for him. I said yes. So far I've done *Poor Little Rich Girl, Party, It Isn't Just Another Afternoon,* and some others.

Cavalier: Mr. Warhol, why did you pick Chuck as a script writer?

Warhol: When I met him at the party I couldn't think of anything else to say.

Cavalier: The average person may not know much about art, but if he follows the gossip columns and watches the "night" shows on television, he knows something about you. For example, recently a photograph appeared in the society sections of the New York papers of you and Edie Sedgwick at a "Mod Ball" at the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center. You have become a real social phenomenon, in a peculiar sense.

Warhol: The part about the parties I attend is probably overplayed. Most of them are well covered by the press. That accounts for my name appearing so often. I've been on some radio and television shows, but I usually bomb out. I've given up saying anything.

Cavalier: Anything?

Warhol: Just about. □

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too. I was going to call you or tell someone but then you came along and it was over, and what was the point?"

"Except that it's not over," said Gorsline. "I'll drop you off at the house and then go get him. You know I don't let things like that slide. What would I do for sleep? White lips, eh? The son of a bitch."

At the casino, Gorsline checked lips from table to table and then spotted him, arms hooked with a beefed-up, low-cut number many years his junior. "Look at what he's got on his arm," Gorsline thought, "and the mother has to go get himself a little extra." The couple seemed to be winning consistently. Gorsline waited until they knocked off a *zero-deux cheval,* then elbowed in to grab the man's fragile arm and whisper, "It's all over, sweetie; I want to see you in the head on a little matter pertaining to my wife; and make it quick. Don't tell me you don't understand English because I'll switch into anything you got."

"I understand, I understand," said the man sadly. "Swedish, but I'm fluent in your tongue." He excused himself and then walked along at Gorsline's side, following him into the empty men's room. Gorsline backed him against the washstand and said, "You goddamned mother, what the hell's the idea? You thought you'd go grab yourself a little something and get away with it. What'd you think that was, some hooker? I ought to smear you all over the mirror." Gorsline raised his fist but somehow could not feel any rage. Why hadn't his wife just walked away after the first one? He thought of the time in public school he had hit Edward Fliegel over and over in the body, saying, "Fight, coward."

"Who's the coward?" Fliegel had asked, arms at his sides.

"Please," the man said now, "I confess all. But you are not a savage. I know that already. You'd be hitting a doomed old man. Besides, I will give you something that you may have heard of and that will please you."

"All right, get it out fast while your luck's still running," said Gorsline, but there was not a chance in a thousand he would hit the man. With that, the white-lipped Swede reached into a vest pocket and produced the very card that had burned in Gorsline's dreams.

"I'll explain briefly," said the Swede, "and then I really must return to my, er, daughter. It's tied to roulette and quite simple. You wait for the spin of the roulette wheel at midnight of the night you receive the card. That's this evening, of course. The table is divided into six parts. If the number that comes up is one of the first six numbers, then you go by cancer. The second six, I believe, is heart and any one of the third six numbers are highway things. And so on. I believe you also have stroke and suicide as major categories, and of course, the last six numbers are simply 'other,' which can be anything from nephritis to Kuru or Laughing Sickness, the oddball ones. Zero is oven explosion, although it never comes up and you needn't worry about it. It's all written out for you on the card and I really must go. I'm sorry about the other thing."

"All right," said Gorsline, fingering his new acquisition, "just watch your step next time I show up with my wife. You're going to get into real trouble if you keep that up. Listen, you must have played. What'd you get?"

"Leukemia," said the man, turning on the faucet. "It's started already. The white lips."

Half an hour remained before midnight, and Gorsline checked his watch twice against the radio to make sure he would be right on the button and get the exact midnight roll. The Swede had gone back to the table and begun to lose heavily. Gorsline played blackjack and won, but the chips were meaningless, like corn flakes. He studied the card, grey and stained like an Olympia novel, wondering how many others had used it. The categories were as the man had described them and Gorsline wondered what to root for. He hoped only that it would stay off cancer and also miss "other," which would leave him up in the air. He was not sure about stroke and felt he could do without that one, too. A few minutes before midnight Gorsline walked close to the high-stakes roulette table and wedged in beside a British manufacturer who took deep breaths each time a player made a big bet. At precisely twelve o'clock, Gorsline heard the words *"Faites vos jeux, Messieurs"* and wondered whether he was to make a bet as part of the deal. The card was no help at all on this score and he decided to bet the limit on black for extra spice. *"Rien ne va plus,"* said the attendant and spun the wheel; Gorsline shut his eyes and then opened them to watch the little ball. *"Onze,"* shouted the attendant and Gorsline quickly checked his chart, smacking his fist with delight when he saw he'd gotten "heart." Just great, he thought, and almost forgot to pick up his winnings. A quick *bingo* in the center of the chest and you were right out of there. Even if it went a little slower, he did not associate it with any real pain. No question, he had gotten the best deal and he walked with a little bounce as he left the table.

"How'd you do?" asked the Swede, who met him in the center of the casino.

"None of your business," said Gorsline. "Since when have we become buddies? Listen, what do I do with this card now?"

"Pass it on," said the downcast Swede.

The next day or two were fine ones for Gorsline, but his feelings soon turned



"Tomorrow morning you will be found frozen to death."

a corner and he became depressed. For a while he speculated about strokes, wondering whether they were not a better deal after all, and there were some moments when he even chewed on the exploding oven arrangement that came with Zero. But all in all he felt he had come off rather well, except that he could not stop brooding. He had come to Europe for a month's vacation with his wife and they lived in a small boarding house overlooking a thunderously beautiful cove in the south of France. Each day now he would sit in a beach chair and stare at the water, not even bothering to undress and keep up his suntan. Though there were only a few days left before his return to the States he could not stop thinking about death and about one time in his life in particular. A time when his father had failed a medical examination for life insurance, the policy doctor telling him he was an "uninsurable." His father had not been able to go to work and had sat around the apartment in a cloud of despair, unshaven, without appetite. Several weeks later, another doctor had given him a clean bill of health, but Gorsline now could not stop thinking of his father's face through those uninsurable days and how frightened he had been about having an uninsurable dad. He had been married long enough so that he and his wife were keyed to fractional changes in each other's moods. Inevitably, one night after dinner, his wife asked him what was wrong, and Gorsline, who for some reason had not mentioned the card, now told her the complete story of the white-lipped man and the roulette wheel and how he had come up with heart.

"So," she said. "Great. I'd take it myself, any day. What are you so glum about? You got exactly what you wanted. I'd grab it and run."

"No," said Gorsline, pushing away his dessert. "You don't understand. Oh, it's okay and everything, but what if the damned thing fouls up? I mean, let's say I put in thirty years thinking I've got a heart attack in the bag and then all of a sudden I get wiped out by a dose of Parkinson's. Or some meatball with a broken bottle gets me in a bar some night. Let's say I get really down one day—the way only I can get—and decide to do a little number on my wrists. Or I walk out on a highway and some skunk in a VW comes along and creams me all over the pavement. Don't you see the hitch? Where the hell am I then?" □

TRIANGLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

make a drink. He heard her behind him, a scented whisper, turned into her look of drowse, then fed on the lips' sweetness until the drink, unheeded, tilted icy onto the back of his hand and he saw a single eye, close, wide, vast, focused beyond him.

She rolled her forehead against his jaw and said, "It went well?"

"She'll go see Fran on Sunday."

"We'll cheer them on, from Chicago. Poor little cat's-paw."

"Who is the cat's-paw?"

She backed away, exaggerating demureness. "It's such a dear role. Maybe we all take turns."

She moved from shadow through the light and back into shadow, toward the doorway. He braced himself with schoolyard defiance and said, "I don't like you, Jemmy. You know that. I don't like you."

She turned in the pink doorway glow. "What has that got to do with anything?" There was a mild patience in her tone, as if he had violated a protocol understood by everyone. And then she was gone, into the pink light.

He turned and looked out the window. The glass was a cylinder of stone in his hand, too heavy to bring to his lips. □

PEARL HARBOR

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A whiz at school, a constant threat to hit the long ball, in the pecking order of his peers ranked above the mean in things like strength and speed, Mert Salz was nonetheless a physical coward, lacking the talent to defend himself, and since it would take him twenty years to learn that his blustering father had been one before him, and that the marrow of his mother's life was terror, he never fled, never felt fear, without also feeling shame.

Word of his wealth trickled out through Saulie Krug, also eleven, an overweight albino type, said by his friends to be a fairy (which meant that if you made a pass between his massive legs at what was rumored to not even exist he struck out openhanded, piped, "Leave me alone, damn fool!"). Saulie made the error of becoming engrossed one dusk in the April *Action Comics* right on the doorstep of the Towers, one foot already up between the pillars, and next thing he knew he was a million miles from the third floor, blocked by a closed olive face, small sinewy body, the hand that gripped his shoulder.

"Hello, Whitey."

"I got to go up."

The fingers dropped to Saulie's white shirt, they stroked his red tie. He had his hands behind his back.

"I see we're wearing our middy blouse."

"Today was assembly day."

"So we got to wear our middy blouse. What's that behind your back, Whitey?"

"Something I had to buy for my mother."

"I happen to know it's a jokebook, Whitey. Let's see it a second."

"My mother needs it."

The hand gripped the place between Saulie's neck and shoulder. "Hand it over, Whitey." Saulie did. DelGuido leafed slowly through, pausing here and there. He gave it back. A woman came out of the building. "Hello, Mrs. Salz," Saulie croaked. She smiled vaguely, walked on.

"Whitey, we'll make a deal. You'll give me your mother's jokebook; I'll make sure nothing bad ever happens to you. Then you'll give me one jokebook every Tuesday, so nothing bad will happen to you every week. So you don't get in trouble with no tough guys," DelGuido amplified.

Saulie gave up the book. His hands dropped to his groin. "This is the only one I have, Sal."

"You know my name?"

"Sure, Sal."

"I must be famous." He grinned, really pleased. Saulie feared he would become distracted. He touched DelGuido on the shoulder. "But I know where you can get a whole bunch more."

So the day on which his arrogance almost cost his club the game in the ninth and saved it temporarily in the eleventh (playing purposely shallow to taunt Arch Rabin, then racing back at the plunk of fist on ball and catching the two-sewer shot with one hand over his shoulder), Merton became party to a transaction which for the next eight months took most of the joy out of life. Momentum after the fine catch took him deep into alien territory, right into the embrace of DelGuido, who seemed to materialize from the asphalt, his thick oily hair reaching only to the bottom of Merton's neck, which made no difference at all. "Don't try to move, Merton. I got a deal for you." Afterwards, Merton went back and finished the game—his side dropped it in twelve—but he begged off after that. His friends asked questions, but he was too sick to talk. He took the elevator to the fifth floor, entered quietly and tiptoed past the kitchen, where Aunt Bess and his mother were. (If he'd come when she called, he thought wrongly, he would have avoided it all.) He pulled five books from the bottom shelf and hurried down. Cutting through his fear came pain at the loss, and through that something stranger—almost eagerness. He ran past

his friends, down the block and into the hallway where DelGuido waited. Sal looked them over, shoved Merton and pinned him to the wall.

"Why did you cut the covers off, Morton?"

"They come that way!" he screamed in terror. "That's the way they come!"

DelGuido backed off. "Don't yell, Morton. They come like that? I never seen covers without a top before."

"Somebody else cuts them off. My aunt can buy them cheaper."

DelGuido seemed mollified. "Five more same time same place next week, Morton. So you'll still be protected."

Thus it began. And continued. To his amazement Mert ceased to be an only child the first week in July, which meant that the Salzes would not be going to the Mountains this year. The first glimpse of his new sister produced an impression of such overwhelming ugliness that he dashed, to recover, to the window; he had been counting on the summer to free him from bondage, at least for its duration, and looking down at the street he had a horrid vision of turning over five books weekly to DelGuido for the rest of his life, to protect against perils in which he deeply believed, but which were not, he felt as deeply, in fact warded off by the tithe.

Over the months Bess's visits and largesse continued (including rattles now, and rubber elephants, and tiny clothes), which—ten or twelve books in for twice that many out—held down the rate of depletion, and many times he wished her dead, reasoning miserably that if he no longer had the books DelGuido could no longer extract them. Once, acting on this logic, he dumped a handful into the incinerator, but this seemed worse than giving them to Sal, so he did not repeat the gesture, wisely, as it turned out: When school began again DelGuido decided his coverage was inadequate and upped the rates to ten, and Merton was reduced, for pleasure, to selecting clinkers (DelGuido could count, but his tastes were broad), developing in the process antipathies for characters who once had moved him, in order to preserve the joy of choosing to part with lesser heroes. By the end of October he was down to fifty books, spending weekly forty of his fifty-cent allowance to buy new ones, usually ones he despised, carefully shearing the tops of the covers off before passing them on. These were bitter days, yet there were brighter moments—school triumphs now; earlier, the griefs and pleasures of the 1941 World Series, which the Dodgers kicked away in five; strange and wondrous games with the twelve-year-old redhead next door; the fine discovery behind the bookshelves of *The Marriage Manual* by Abraham and Hannah Stone. His parents were totally occupied by the baby, and of this, in many ways, he made the best. He put off thinking what would happen to him when the supply ran out, even when forced to discriminate now not between *Superman* and *Wonder Woman* but between certain adventures of the former, the beginning of true taste, perhaps, and yet a hateful job. Then one day in early November Aunt Bess left or put the gas stove on and killed herself, and a week or so later his mother came up softly behind him as he squatted, deafened by self-pity, at the linen closet.

"Merton, what happened to those horrible jokebooks poor Aunt Bess gave you?"

"I traded them."

"For what? What did you get back?"

"I gave some to my friends."

"What for?"

"When they're sick."

"When they're well again they give them back?"

He shook his head violently. He wished that she would leave him alone and he wanted at the same time to fly at her and fill her lap with tears. She would comfort him, and tell his father, who would rage and rip old Sal apart; and then sunder him as well with a look or the lack of it, turn him to a disgraced heap of cowardly shame. So he said nothing—protecting himself, DelGuido, and their bond.

"Merton, look at me when I talk. Why don't your friends give back the books you lend?"

"I don't *lend* them. I *give* them away when they're sick."

"I'm bringing up a child to be the Red Cross? You know how much I loathe those drecky books, but what kind of a business is it to give them away? Your friends don't have parents?"

"I have to go down."

"Who's sick?" She pointed to the ten he'd finally culled.

"Jerry Frobisher."

"You're some businessman. If you worked in your father's store you'd give his merchandise to every bum who walked in?"

"I don't know," Merton said.

Jerome Frobisher was not only the least sickly but the largest of his friends, which is probably why his name popped into Merton's mind. He stood on the fringe of the group, a little older, surly, and an indifferent punchball player, though he would turn out to be the only athlete they produced, in high school football, a second-string defensive end. But he was a deep student of baseball,



"Four no trump."

and as Merton also spent many free hours reading the record book, they became involved in a dispute a few days later which was disagreeably resolved. Bundled in clumsy coats, they circled each other and hopped around for warmth, in front of the funeral parlor next to the church, near the corner. It was a bitter late-November.

"Never," Merton said.

"Okay, what's a use a talkin'?"

"He hit sixty."

"Yeah, shmuck, in the record year. You're really wise."

"And he hit fifty-six; and Hank Greenberg hit fifty-eight; and Hack Wilson hit fifty-six in the National, but nobody in the majors ever hit fifty-nine."

"Except Babe Ruth."

"You're full of it."

"Your sister."

The vague expletive enraged Mert; he had enough trouble with her in himself without condoning onslaughts from outside.

"Let's bet on it, big shit. I bet you a quarter."

"Money talks."

He fished in his pockets. "I only got a dime left. Let's make it a dime."

"Make it a quarter, I trust you."

"OK," Merton said, no longer sure.

It began to snow lightly. They parted. He raced up the stairs when the elevator dropped by him to the basement. He got out his beloved *Baseball Guide,* a book safe from the DelGuidos of the world. It betrayed him. In black and white, in 1921, George Herman Ruth hit fifty-nine homeruns. Merton went wild. He slammed down the book, yanked hard at the mole on his chin, and raced back down. Frobisher was still there, in a crouch, peering through the mail slot into the funeral parlor.

"Take a look, Salz."

Merton stooped and looked in. Straight down the carpeted aisle was a platform, on it a canopied bed, on the bed a rosy-cheeked, long-nosed man with a gray, flowing pompadour. Hair they could both envy, in the perennial teenage style. "If you look at him long enough he starts to sit up," Jerry said.

It was more than they usually saw through the slot, and of considerable interest, but Mert was otherwise preoccupied. He straightened. "Jerr, I been thinking it over. I remembered myself the one year the Babe hit fifty-nine. So I cancel the bet."

Frobisher boxed him in. "Your sister cancels the bet. You make a quarter bet, you don't run upstairs and think it over. What you do, shmuck, check the book and see I was right? Hand it over." He shoved Merton into the railing.

"Leave me alone, you big jerk. Who're you pushing? I already told you I don't have a quarter."



"Hi. You just called Dial-A-Prayer, didn't you?"

"Then fork over the dime."

"I left it upstairs." A precaution he had taken.

"Tomorrow, in snow or hail, you meet me here after school and hand over the quarter. I'll push your face in, otherwise."

The next day was cold but fair. The snow had left no trace. Merton gained his apartment after school without running into Frobisher, but when he looked from the window twenty minutes later Jerry was on the corner, with Arch, Saulie and Fred. He took the elevator to the basement, which exited to street level further down the block. Keeping close to the houses, heart pounding, he ran.

He found DelGuido playing cards under the stairway in the tenement in which he did not live, but used as office; out of breath, Merton broke in on a quartet. His fear grew as he became aware of his presumption. Wops and polacks, profound strangers, they squatted on the concrete floor eyeing him with murder in their hearts. But he was in too far.

"Can I talk to you, Sal?"

"What about? This ain't Tuesday."

"I know, Sal. But I need protection."

DelGuido was slow to take this in. "What have I ever done to you?"

"Not from you, Sal, from a big guy up the block."

"You need protection?" He put down his cards. "What is the man's name?"

"Jerry Frobisher."

"A kike?"

Merton nodded. DelGuido spat in his general direction, scooped up some change and bills, and stood. "Deal me out, boys, I got a little job to do."

They went up the block single file, Merton skipping every few steps to keep a foot behind, filling Sal in as they moved. He could see his friends at the corner watching the pair of them come, transfixed, no longer talking, and he felt a wild excitement that had to do with power. When he had looked from the window, as well as right now, he had been glad that all his friends were there.

DelGuido looked them over. "Pimples. Whitey. Stoneface. You got business with me?" They shook their heads. "Then go home." His hand shot out. "Not you, Gerald. We got to have a talk. Take off your glasses." The transition from bully to victim was so incongruously abrupt that Merton almost felt sorry for Frobisher. Jerry whimpered and took off his glasses. DelGuido cupped his hands and slapped him several times across both cheeks, driving his head from side to side, and then Merton did feel sorry for him, but he was feeling by that time every emotion he owned, including glee, deep sorrow, and a shame profounder than any he had known before. DelGuido drove his fist into Jerry's belly. He dusted his hands off while Frobisher clutched himself. "Just a sample, Gerald. If you bother my pal Morton again you get much worse." He threw an arm across Merton's shoulder. "Anybody else giving you trouble?"

Mert shook his head.

"You know where to find me. Fifteen next time, Mort. For my trouble." He swaggered off down the street. Jerry, doubled up, lurched across the avenue. Saulie had vanished, but the other two stood in the vestibule of Greenspan Towers. "How about Monopoly?" Mert said. They scattered silently before him, even Fred's face working, in a way Merton would remember.

So Mert Salz spent a lonely, sickly week, calling quite often on the girl next door, staying home from Hebrew school, watching his friends play touch football (a game he'd never liked) from the window. Frobisher, before aloof, played often and was the star. In his mind Mert defended himself, trying to love his martyrdom. Skilled before, he became now an expert in self-pity. But when he showed up for the exorbitant payoff with fifteen of his last twenty books he tried of necessity to have it out with Sal.

"Listen, Sal, my aunt died and I have to ask you a favor."

Solemnly DelGuido handed back the books. "Morton," he said, "the country is at war."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you listen to your radio? The Japs have bombed us at Pearl Harbor."

Mert did not know what this meant, or what terrible relevance it had. He waited dumbly.

"I am declaring a truce. No more jokebooks until the war is over. We got to stick together."

"Gee, thanks, Sal."

"You're welcome, Morton."

"My name is Merton."

"OK, Merton. I'll just take these here fifteen as a last payment."

"OK, Sal," he mumbled, crushed by the shortlived triumph. But when he got upstairs he finished the job. He dumped the final five and tried to hear them flutter downward five stories to the flames.

Slowly, as the weather warmed, and punchball returned to the streets, Mert was restored to the group (his path eased by the Frobishers' moving to Queens about the same time DelGuido dropped from sight) —but his interest in big league baseball was never again so keen, partly because of a disappointing finish by the 1942 Dodgers and, thanks to the draft, a lack of real major-league talent during the war years. □

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ing a different assumption.

KRASSNER: Well, one of the assumptions I guess that we're making is that pre-marital sex does occur on campus. And—

O'REILLY: I'd say it's a safe bet.

KRASSNER: Yeah. And in view of that—again, we're talking about rules here. I'm not trying to turn you into a heretic. But in terms of rules, do you think that those rules are valid?

I mean, the rules against, on some campuses, against birth control devices being prescribed for undergraduate students who are unmarried.

O'REILLY: Well, I would be against prescribing them. Not only for people that are in school, but for people anywhere. Why should someone prescribe—

KRASSNER: But you can't get them without a prescription.

O'REILLY: Anything that needs a prescription, I would say, would be up to the doctor giving the prescription.

KRASSNER: Okay.

O'REILLY: The main thing wrong with rules restricting visiting between the sexes in dorms is something very basic.

It's a distrust of everyone. It's a distrust of human intelligence. It's a distrust of human motivation. It's a distrust of freedom. Why do we have to operate this way with one another?

BAIN: Isn't it a distrust, though, of the fact that a healthy 19 year old man with a fairly attractive and also healthy 19 year old girl, if he's going to go through the trouble of getting her through the yard to visit his room—he really doesn't want to talk to her about philosophy?

O'REILLY: Well, perhaps he does. I have at least one friend who has ruined several possibilities of getting married, by talking philosophy to every girl he meets. Why do we have to be so interested in checking on people and seeing that they don't do something that they shouldn't? That's just nonsense.

Everyone is responsible for what he does, and what he doesn't do, and the freer we make his environment, the more we encourage his responsibility.

KRASSNER: I think this is a very important question because it has to do with one of the motivations behind interference with academic freedom, which, I think, Ed, you found a lot of, in your capacity at National Students Association, which is that sometimes, the public relations aspect of this, with the university, seems to take precedence over the announced purpose of the university.

SCHWARTZ: I've also found that sometimes the public relations aspect of N.S.A. takes precedence over its announced purpose. But—yeah. That's definitely true. And really, I mean, this is the argument that is given—in every conceivable area in which there have been conflicts with students. That is, the newspaper editor who goes to his college president about a story and the president says, "Well, I don't think you should print that, because it's in the best interest of the university to keep that quiet." That means, you know, it's going to get out.

Or this college that has social rules says, "Well, if we put in the catalog—" You know, Reid College is an interesting example here.

Reid College had a big fight several years ago, about its social rules where students really revolted. And the college sat down and talked to them and said, "All right. We'll completely liberalize the social rules. We won't have any, in fact, but we'll keep them in the catalog." And so they keep it in the catalog and then the kids get there and then realize what's going on.

So they reconcile it very simply.

O'REILLY: Very dishonest.

SCHWARTZ: Quite frankly, the keynote of the Berkeley riots really—the reason that the free speech—you know, the tables were banned, had nothing to do with, you know, these principles that they evoked. William Knowland protested. And the university decided, well, they had better not arouse the ire of William Knowland. So they closed the tables.

And what sometimes—what can happen, now take Oberlin, for example. This is the school I graduated from, and have some familiarity with.

At Oberlin, you had a combination of two things happening. First of all, you had a gradual loosening of the social rules. At the same time, you had sort of a—not a real restriction—I mean, they didn't forbid things, but a sort of a public discouragement of certain kinds of dress, primarily, but also a whole style about the school.

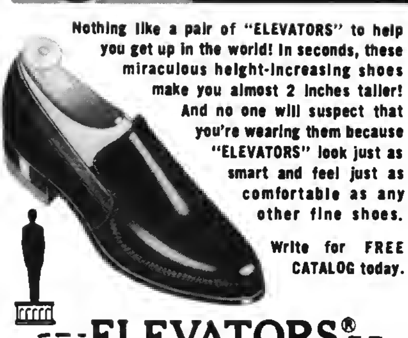
And what bothered me was the two were being justified on the same grounds. They were being justified in terms of what the public would think or what was respectable to the public, that is to say, social rules were now coming—you know, we restrict you more than the public even would want to restrict you, therefore we can loosen our restrictions.

At the same time, guys, don't you think that you ought to wear, you know, a little nicer clothes than you've been wearing, because you never know what's going to walk in and contribute eighteen million dollars, or with the intent of contributing eighteen million dollars, and see you lying around on campus with a beard, and there goes that money.

But these are the justifications which are used. What the public will accept. And when that kind of justification comes







into—it's an inherently conservative specification, because whatever is acceptable is what "we're willing to let you do," and whatever is not acceptable is what we're not willing to let you do.

And pretty soon whole discussions are geared, you know, along those lines. And kids have entire discussions about issues in relation to what is, versus what is not. A student will say, "We shouldn't attack the administration of the college simply because it is the administration of the college." Or, "We shouldn't criticize our government, simply because it is our government."

And this, I think, you know, they pick it up in high school and they carry it to college and then, if the college is of the kind that spends its time cowering, this really develops strange political positions out of that.

BAIN: May I interject something here? I kind of—I'm not lost, but shall I put it this way, when I went to college, as much as the clothing rules that they had I either found stupid or, you know, a little bit, shall we say, hard to understand—you know, why they bothered to put it in the catalog. That is not the main reason I went to school, whether or not I could wear a beard or couldn't wear a beard, or whether or not I could wear pants to school or I couldn't.

When I started at Hunter, you could wear slacks to school all year round. And most of the girls did. But before I got out of there they passed a rule saying that no one could wear slacks any more.

But that wasn't the thing that upset me the most in the school, and I wonder if again, we're not taking academic freedom down to its most not only finite but in some cases, idiotic usage? I think that if we're going to talk about academic freedom, we should talk, rather, about those things that impinge upon the main reason why you come to school in the first place.

Now, I don't think anybody goes to college to wear or not to wear sandals. To wear or not to wear slacks. You go to college, rather, to broaden your intellectual development, or you should be going there for that reason. I know there are people who go there for fraternity reasons, sorority reasons, the football games, or to spend, you know, four years not working or four years out of the service, or four years not married, but we will exclude those students for a while.

O'REILLY: I think you're excluding probably most of them.

BAIN: But there are still a few, I think, who go there literally to use those books. To talk about them—to argue about them, to try and find some point between them and the professors; whether that point exists or not is another story.

And I think that if we're going to talk about academic freedom, we should really talk about it in that context, because you don't have to go to college, if the question is just whether or not you're going to wear sandals, and I don't think one should tear up a school over that. Or whether or not you can say, you know, "fuck you," in the classroom or not. I think, you know, you could say it anywhere, on the train, and so you don't have to spend $2,000 a year of either your money or your parents' money, to do that.

And I kind of think that, you know, this generation right behind me, that, I mean, maybe they took the power elite too much to heart and felt, you know, there was really no reason to go to school anyway, so they might as well just be frivolous about it.

But I think that there are more important things to talk about.

O'REILLY: I would like to disagree in this way. I think that when a person goes to school, just as when he does anything else, the fact that he has one principal aim in mind does not remove him from the human race. He is a human person. He has all the rights that a human person has anywhere, in any situation. And it's in regard to these basic, human rights, that we speak of academic freedom. □

BIKE BOOM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

est in motorcycling came about, resulting from the exposure of thousands of servicemen to the lighter-weight machines predominant in foreign countries. These bikes were easier to handle, lower in cost, and more conducive to sports participation than the heavy American-made touring and law enforcement models. In 1948 registrations of motors in the U. S. swelled to nearly half a million, with California well in the lead, having over 60,000. Illinois, Pennsylvania, Texas, Ohio and New York pushed 30,000 each. But this surge was only temporary, and in half a dozen years the number fell to under 400,000.

In Europe and Asia, however, the picture was moving the other way as technology increased. Greater horsepower from small engines, improved suspensions for front and rear, and better cooling from lighter alloys in the engines, coupled with new mass-production techniques born of the war years, skyrocketed interest and use of 'cycles. For example, in Japan, the old-line Yamaha Corporation began to produce a lightweight, low-displacement 'cycle which showed extraordinary promise. The startling thing was that Yamaha was a company revered the world over for its *musical* instruments! The radical departure is easily understood when it is known that during the war Yamaha's woodworking craftsmen and extensive facilities were put to the job of fashioning the wooden propellers for fighter aircraft. In several years the Japanese air force demanded steel propellers to keep pace with the war-sped technology and Yamaha converted to sophisticated metalworking equipment purchased from neutral nations. Following the war's end this machinery was confiscated and mothballed, being turned back to its owners in the nineteen-fifties. The young head of the firm at that time was not only an astute and forward-thinking businessman, but a motorcycle enthusiast as well. Development of Yamaha motorcycles began immediately.

In America, the Indian firm tried with only moderate success to field several semi-lightweights patterned after the European bikes which were again making themselves known in the U. S. market. It wasn't until 1957, however, that the 'cycle registrations returned to their postwar high. In 1958, they passed it, still moving slowly ahead. It was in that year that Yamaha began a push for Stateside sales. It was greeted by many with snide remarks and a few giggles. Not long after, another Japanese firm, Honda, entered the scene with a new approach.

Experts had been telling the Japanese that there was no volume motorcycle market here. German and British builders had offered their vastly superior products to U. S. buyers for years. There was no hint of any trend toward a great increase in the half-million body of riders that existed at that time.

There was unfavorable highway legislation in some states. Even worse, the public seemed too affluent to be interested in, or willing to put up with, two-wheeled transportation.

There was also the AMA, the trade-oriented American Motorcycle Association. Responsible for the conduct and sanctioning of most competitions in the U.S. – including racing – the AMA reflected inordinate influence from the only U.S. builder, Harley-Davidson. The AMA maintained a racing attitude unfavorable for the promotion of a foreign-built motorcycle.

The Japanese read the Yankee market rather differently. They knew that none of the lightweight (one to two hundred pound) European bikes had ever had a fair shot in America. They reasoned that cycles of this class introduced here – with certain important changes – would find a vast market.

It fell to the now famous Japanese firm of Honda to make the breakthrough in the spring of 1959. Honda had a better mousetrap and had come prepared to sell it. Their bikes featured easy-to-start and reliable engines, good service and low price – all wrapped up in a small, light, brightly painted package.

Honda tackled U.S. sales in the grand, American manner. Big advertising money was put to work. Thereafter, wherever one looked (especially in the poshest periodicals) there would be a Honda ad picturing a clean-cut young man and a lovely girl astride a flame-colored Honda motorcycle. The couple looked like vibrant youth; obviously they were having fun, and even more important, they appeared to be "in."

Honda introduced a series of machines whose leader scarcely looked the part. The Honda "Cub" had but three cubic inches – fifty cubic centimeters – of engine displacement, set into a pressed steel frame supported on wheels and tires that looked like refugees from a bicycle. The know-it-alls in the sport on this side of the Pacific didn't bother suppressing their sneers or putting a hand in front of smirks. The Honda strategy hit by surprise. Rather than attempt to push their wares on a preconditioned and obviously biased group of existing enthusiasts, they side-stepped, feinted, and struck where least expected. No low blow, the jab was more aptly described as high fashion. Advertising went to fresh markets, showing Hondas as a part of the American scene and as patriotic to own and ride as loving hot dogs, apple pie and Mom. According to the bold pitch your Honda was equally at home in transporting you to work, the market, the tennis courts or the opera. Of course it was all right to take your Lincoln to the opera, but you'd darn well better have your Honda visible, hanging out of the trunk!

Oh, this was a riot! What sport, what funny jokes were told by the know-it-alls and wasn't it too bad how stupid the Honda people were to waste time on a market that couldn't be touched.

The jabs continued, light but widespread. A Honda was fun, thrifty, and underneath it all, virile and manly. At the same time it was dainty and feminine. And when it came to getting you friends, it was better than toothpaste, underarm deodorant and the right bath soap, all rolled into one.

Never was it a (ugh!) "motorcycle" on the billboards, radio jingles and teevee commercials. It was a (superlative) "Honda." The Honda was sold in neat, brightly lighted dealerships – the kind where you weren't afraid to be seen or even take your mother, dad or best girl. Youngsters eagerly pulled parents into these "toyshops" to point out the motorcycle they wanted.



"What's the matter, dear? Cat got your tongue?"

"No," said Mother. "You may *not* have a motorcycle, but we'll get you a Honda." Somebody was getting through.

That somebody was indeed getting through became obvious. The success of the campaign begat further effort and the probe became an onslaught. The smug smirks and sneers disappeared, giving way to slack jaws of amazement and then a rapid rolling up of sleeves as the existing shops cleaned up, painted up and fixed up. The advertising slant was established; jump on the bandwagon!

By 1961, registrations were up 50 percent over the preceding slump, that year marking the real beginning of the meteoric rise. Japan exported 23,000 lightweights to the U.S. in that year alone, nearly twice as many as the second-place country, Italy. England was fourth in number of units, with 8,000, but combining parts sales and new machines, led with dollar volume of nearly five million.

In 1962 the Department of Commerce listed almost 650,000 motorcycle registrations. Their figures fail to reflect the unlicensed machines used for trail-riding, off-the-road sports and racing competition, which could easily exceed 10 percent additional numbers.

The following year, Japan sent 135,469 'cycles to us and her dollar volume sprang to twenty-four and a half million dollars. England was second with over 15,000 units and a sales figure of $7 million. Registrations hit 771,552 nationally and in 1964 the figure ballooned to 949,701. California's lead in the movement was a convincing one; with over 200,000 registrations, they were more than *150,000* ahead of second-place Texas! Figures for 1965 are as yet unreleased, but the magic million mark is well exceeded and realistically, the figure of one and a half million is anticipated by this year's end.

What happened was that the Japanese captured two markets – in sequence. The trend-setting "avant garde" established the vogue. The youth market then joined – in strength. The pace setters were exactly what it was hoped they would be – they were different and they were *excitement* people. Bill Overgard is a prime example. Handsome and successful artist creator of syndicated comic strip character *Steve Roper*, he is a Californian settled in Stony Point, New York. His sixteen-acre estate has its own lake and rates as one of the show places of Rockland County. One of those talented men of impeccable taste, he has a good eye for what is the best of everything. He has owned a Mark 3 Aston Martin and currently drives an immaculate, late-model Mulliner Bentley Continental.

One day last spring, Bill up and bought a Suzuki 90 – just for fun. The fun proved contagious. His pretty wife, the former Gloria Backer of Indianapolis, adopted the little bike. So Overgard finally threw up

his hands, and now his is a two-motorcycle family.

Next-door-neighbor, top-rank men's fashion model Don Phillips found that he couldn't resist this nearby temptation for long. Business took him to Hollywood early last summer, and while weekending there he got a ride on a hot Triumph Bonneville. Don had done some riding as a boy, and the exposure to the 120-mph Triumph was irresistible.

"It was extravagant, I suppose," Don said, "to get a big 650 and tie up over a thousand dollars in a bike a year old. But the way this thing goes is really something.

"These Triumphs hold their value. Mine would bring nearly what I paid for it right now.

"I wondered whether Bobbie [his fashion model wife – Barbara Shaw] would ride 'buddy' with me, but she loves it. We have a great time."

Overgard and Phillips quickly infected their neighbor, Lederle engineer David Sullivan. David first bought a Suzuki 90 and traded up to a bigger 250 of the same make a few months later.

"I made a fundamental mistake with the 90," said Sullivan. "I thought I would do more scrambling and woods riding than highway touring. It turned out quite the other way around. The 90 is a great little machine, but the 40-mph top speed makes it unsuitable for highway use.

"My dealer allowed the full price paid for the 90 in trade on the 250 – it seemed too good an offer to turn down."

Sullivan uses the 250 for transportation to and from his office three or four days a week. He drives his daughter to art classes fifteen miles away and rides buddy with his wife, Nancy. For the Sullivans, the riding season is any day the pavement is dry and the temperature is above 45 degrees.

One does meet, or at least see, the nicest people on motorcycles these days. What's more, they are as likely as not to be famous, and more than a few, seemingly out of character. John "Hondo" Havlicek of the World Champion Boston Celtics, often called the best "Sixth Man" in the pro game, rides a Honda Dream.

The gigantic Los Angeles Rams defensive front line, known to the NFL as the "Fearsome Foursome," all ride Hondas. Can you picture those leviathans – Lamar Lundy, Roosevelt Grier, Merlin Olsen and David Jones – on cycles?

This forty percent of the market is widely diversified. Riders come from every walk of life. The other sixty consists of riders from 16 through 25 – the youth movement.

Pretty and unaffected, EAL stewardess Becky Lasher, living in Washington, and working the San Juan run, talked about her farm family in Indiana.

"I thought I would join the Peace Corps, but maybe I'll get a Honda instead," she said.

"Not happy with the flying, Becky?"

"Oh, it's not that. I like it. It's just that – well, I guess I'm . . ." she shrugged.

"Bored?"

"Not exactly; I had a car, it was nice – but it was too much trouble. A motorcycle would be fun."

Betty Candridge stopped her Honda 90 at the light at the corner of 44th and Madison and planted an elegantly shod foot on the pavement for balance.

"How come you ride a bike in town, kiddo?"

"I like it."

"Great – but take a second and tell me why."

Betty gunned the Honda to the curb and propped a pretty leg on the sidewalk. She wore an expensive, high-style black leather walking coat with a soft fur collar and soft black gloves. She was riding without goggles, helmet or boots.

"How come no hard hat?"

"Oh, I just ride in the city – to work – for a date."

"Why a bike?"

"Well, I can afford it – it only cost three hundred dollars. I can park anywhere – anywhere at all. It's real fun. You feel like you're really doing something. It's like horseback riding. Know what I mean?"

It transpired that Betty Candridge was 23 and ever so slightly concerned about being a smidgen too old. She had a good P.R. job, had come to New York from Atlanta, and also liked to ski.

I asked her to compare the bike with some other sport and to try to tell me what there was about it that moved her.

"It's a little like skiing. You're with it. Like flying, I guess. I thought about sky diving but it scares me."

"Are you saying that it gives you a feeling of freedom?"

"Something like that." A timeless rebellion. It's the kids on the beach at La Jolla, and the surfers bobbing softly in the bright sun at Fire Island. It's that long, long schuss downhill.

They want freedom, expression, and are fighting insulation. The machines they ride give them a sense of power. On a bike the kids feel the world is moving. They are with it – not just in it. None that I spoke with could quite verbalize it but I think they were reaching for that elusive definition of a sports car: A machine that serves as an extension of the human senses. That is the word – machine. Not 'cycle or bike. Those are square words. It's Machine. A magic machine that takes them to that special world that floats along somewhere near the real world.

There is more to the story than the light bike and mass advertising. Japanese parts and service are top-flight. Only the British do as well. (And that last is a revelation, because our English cousins have



"Can you hold on a couple of minutes, Ed? Mine's still in the dryer."

rarely done a top-notch job with parts and service for automobiles sold in the U.S.) Good parts supply is where good service begins. Without immediate availability of parts, no dealer is able to provide quick service.

Enthusiastic dealers are even more important. Here too the boom has hit pay dirt. A new breed of dealer is in evidence. This man is generally well educated and enthusiastic about 'cycles both as a rider and as a businessman.

Fairly typical is Sal Mangiameli of Yonkers, New York. Fresh out of the Rhode Island School of Design, with a B.S. in Architecture in 1964, Sal chafed at his work. Hoping to find time to paint seriously, he gave up architecture for commercial art. But he wasn't satisfied. Motorcycles had been part of his life since he first began riding at 14. At college, he and his pals had serviced 'cycles for friends and townspeople to help cut the financial mustard. In the process, Sal got to know the technical and repair sides of the business.

One day last spring Sal sat down and wrote letters to Yamaha and Triumph to state his qualifications and ask for consideration as a new dealer. Four months later, Sal opened his "House of Power" just west of the Tappan Zee bridge. By year end Sal was moving three machines a week. This, at a time when snow was imminent and the temperature far below what the average rider would accept as suitable.

"Of course it's a gamble," Mangiameli responded in answer to a question about the business risk. "The only supplier that helps with floor planning (new vehicle financing) is Triumph. The others get cash on the barrel head. A small dealer, starting from scratch as I did, has to invest a potful of money in inventory.

"But the way it looks now, I'm going to be forced to put on two full-time mechanics by spring. It sure is great the way it broke wide open so quickly. But they are projecting some 9 million riders by 1970!"

"Four out of five sales are for bikes 250cc or smaller. These weigh from about 110 pounds on the low side to, oh, 250 pounds, and range from $215 to $800 in cost. The bigger machines weigh from 350 to 500 pounds and range in price from $1000 to $1300."

The business continues to be plagued by haphazard registration laws and regulations. Individual state licensing procedures have been and still are hit or miss. Most have not required the cyclist to hold a special driving license. Vehicle tags have cost no more than a token sum.

Notwithstanding local problems, the market is on fire. Honda deserves (and gets) the bulk of the credit for what has happened. They made the right moves. Typical of the features that helped put their machines over was the pushbutton electric self-starter. This killed off resistance from those buyers who didn't like to start their mounts with the time-honored, foot-cranking pedal. There was nothing new about the electric starter. It had been pioneered twenty years earlier by DKW, a respected German firm who have since abandoned the business. Honda, as usual, was in the right place at the right time, with the right trimmings. The Japanese have captured seventy percent of the American market. The British and Italians each maintain their ten percent share, leaving the remainder to Harley-Davidson and the lesser European entries. Honda alone accounts for over fifty percent.

European manufacturers, BSA, Triumph, Matchless and Norton from England, Bianchi and Gilera from Italy and the German BMW in particular, were well known and already highly respected here. Their sales, though, were modest up until Honda's entry into the market. But as the Japanese bikes began to move, a raft of other excellent lightweight bikes from Europe began to appear in showrooms in increasing numbers.

From Spain came the Derbi, Rovena, Montessa and Bultaco. Czechoslovakia chipped in with the championship Jawa. Italy chimed in with Benelli, Ducati and Aermacchi. Suzuki and Yamaha joined the Japanese offensive.

How has it all happened? Certainly the citizens have no outstanding need of the economical transportation afforded by the two-wheeled toys they have clasped to them. The answer lies in our mode of life with its strong emphasis on play. Our nation's economy allows us the opportunity of gathering things beyond those needed for survival, and it gives us the time to enjoy them. Mechanical things hold great interest and endear themselves to us. Motorcycles exemplify the out-of-doors feeling we've come to yearn for as our cities close in around us. The sports aspect is present to any degree the owner may desire, and in innumerable facets. The cost is akin to that of taking up golf.

Add to this the desire to be In. Some circles will list motorcycle sports activities as being camp. Whatever the rationalization an individual buyer may use to justify his purpose ("Golly, dear, I can ride it to work and leave the car here for you"), motorcycling has arrived, is accepted, and within the reach of most.

Not everyone was going to be satisfied with the little step-through lightweights, even in their rugged trail-going versions; thus new models began appearing from the other sides of our bounding oceans. The sports aspect dictated their appearance. Many not only resembled racing machinery, but with little work were highly competitive. Those who started with small-sized machines often "outgrew" them, making the transition from three to forty inches of engine size in a year or so. There seemed little problem in

disposing of a used lightweight that had had reasonable care — people were eager to buy.

Success, for those in the business, was proportional to the energy expended. Investors were quick to realize that a motorcycle dealership was a solid place for capital with a strong return. The caliber of people involved stimulated others and attracted them as businessmen, holding them as customers and enthusiasts. Accessories for motorcycles and riders became a fantastic business in itself.

Still the public relations picture is being advanced. One of the strongest is the U.S. Suzuki Motor Corp., importers of the Japanese bikes that bear that name. Suzuki has gathered a matchless staff of top brass to promote the 'cycling image in general, figuring that its share of the market is apt compensation. An outstanding booklet on the sport was initiated and distributed by Suzuki to all comers, containing tips on riding, safety, pros and cons of riding.

England's Triumph and BSA groups have been highly responsible for promotion of the pastime's acceptance.

Just as many who begin their riding careers start out on the tiny lightweights, a good many enthusiasts from the big bike ranks have reversed the trend, finding that with proper frames and suspensions, the small-engined machines provide undreamed of fun with inherent ease of handling and maintenance. One such machine was developed in the U.S. and built in Japan solely for the American market: the Hodaka 90, whose "can do" feats have inspired the phrase "Hodakability."

Italian and German imports are receiving increasing welcome and these machines enjoy definite trends of styling which set them apart from the Oriental and Anglo imports. Spain, too, is now sending machines to us, notably in sports attire.

Nearly every city has a motorcycle dealership — there are over 3500 in the 50 states, with new ones opening every day. Motorcycles are built for every purpose, and many can be tailored as to the tires, saddle, engine power and ride stiffness you want, even before it leaves the showroom.

The American-built Harley-Davidsons, long limited to big touring models and police bikes, have expanded to Italy and H-D now brings in several varieties of lightweights, so that their line includes many of the desirable-sized machines.

If you want to go along on this new venture of motorcycling, the cost of your ticket need be no more than about $225 — although the price of a safety helmet, which is considered vital, should raise the cost to $250. You can spend as much as $2000 if you want the big or more exotic jobs, but the average-sized machines will run less than $1000. Used motorcycles are also plentiful, and even $100 can often put you aboard a good mount.

The smallest bikes will truly give around two hundred miles per gallon of gas. The only thing cheaper is going barefoot—even shoe leather costs more. The real clincher, though, is not in the miser's realm, for you'll find that when you switch from four wheels to two a doubled vista of enjoyment opens before you.

The fierce competition has spawned a delightful variety of motorcycles for the prospective rider to savor before making his selection. Be guided accordingly. As in every area of motor sport, performance may be related directly to power-to-weight ratios. If you add either power or lightness you increase performance. Performance costs money. So if you want speed, frightening acceleration and excitement, go to the 500 and 650 cc jobs. They are expensive and treacherous for beginners. A better bet is to start with a 175 or 200 cc mount where you can expect excellent road performance with price tags from $650 to $900 depending on make, equipment and tuning.

Lay off the 80 and 90 cc bikes if you are looking for pizzazz or over-the-road transport. Especially if you wish to do any touring. These true lightweights are perfect for getting around in the city, shopping in suburban areas and trail work. This includes a little fun "scrambling," hunting, fishing and just plain poking around the countryside.

You will find that all the best-known makes have vocal boosters. This is largely deserved. There is a bigger variety of motorcycle manufacturers competing on the international racing circuits than in any other field. Many of them do a fine job. The customer is the direct beneficiary of this activity, as nothing proves the product quicker or more satisfactorily than racing.

With the boom for the light 'cycle has come a sizable attendant industry in riding clothes. Much like skiing, 'cycling has spawned a whole new category of apparel. Safety helmets, all manner of jodhpurs and boots, wind resistant lined jackets, gauntlet gloves and tight legwear have all appeared in profusion. The emphasis is on lightness and style but undeniably, the right riding clothes add greatly to the fun.

Fun it is. That's the one word all motorcyclists come to sooner or later in any discussion of bikes. □

PAUL KRASSNER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

this particular one was in a supermarket and heard her mother say something to the checkout cashier about not getting the right change, the infant pointed proudly to her *bleep* and said, "Change."

Another aspect of the symbolic power of words was taught to me by a three-year-old girl. She asked me, "What color are your eyes?" I replied, "Brown." She shook her head, saying, "Uh-uh." I said, "What do you mean?" She responded, "They're brown and white." And, of course, she was correct.

My mind thus permanently bent, I now compulsively twist words around at every opportunity.

At Princeton University's Symposium on the Arts, I moderated a panel, and after Tom Wolfe and Allen Ginsberg gave their opening remarks, Günter Grass read a ten-minute speech in German, which was to be translated by a Mr. Wetzel from the Language Department. The audience patiently listened, then applauded what they hadn't understood, and I announced: "Mr. Wetzel will now translate Mr. Grass's *bar mitzvah* speech."

When I interviewed a professional pacifist, the following dialogue took place:

Q. You once said: "What can be defended only by brute force is not worth defending." Now the standard question here would be: If you saw your mother being raped, would you defend her by force?

A. I would certainly use what force was necessary to prevent an even greater harm from being done. On the other hand, the people who have no qualms about the use of force have no compunctions about shooting a fleeing purse-snatcher or ash-can knocker over, simply to prevent him from escaping. This very sharply shows up the difference in philosophy between violence and non-violence. I should think that I would be able to prevent a rape with little or no violence, and actually, anybody could. It's the classic example. I mean, I could ask you some questions, too. For example, what would you do if you were required to rape your mother in order to save the country?

Q. I'd incest upon it . . . .

If you think that was bad/good, allow me to conclude with the worst/best play on words I've ever made.

I visited a couple of girls I know, who had received an anonymous telephone call to the effect that police were on their way to make an arrest. They panicked. One girl took all the marijuana in the house, wrapped it in a Baggie, and stored it in her vagina, which might have been a poor exercise of judgment, inasmuch as that's one of the first places they look.

Anyway, with the straightest face I could muster, I said to her: "What's a nice joint like that doing in a girl like you?" □



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THE GREAT FRISCO MIND-QUAKE

(*continued from page* 57)

like a tribe of colorful octopi. The big beat of The Grateful Dead and Big Brother & The Holding Company rock 'n' roll bands pushed the night out of sight with the help of 150-200 square-foot overhead projections and film loops of Tony Martin and Bruce Baillie's *Canyon Cinema*.

And when Kesey came on the scene with The Merry Pranksters and their Psychedelic Symphony, the whole business went into orbit. According to Stewart Brand, "The Acid Test" ("Can you pass the 20th Century?") was at contact high for over an hour. Bill Graham, commenting on Kesey's monotone blank verse, inept guitar plucking, and gold lamé space suit, said, "He's a disgrace, a hip Liberace."

Tangential to the action at all times was Ron Boise's Electric Thunder Sculpture, a metallic whale carcass on whose ribs Tripsters were free to play "The Third Manic Theme."

Sunday night the proceedings commenced with the playing of a pinball machine. The Stroboscopic Trampoline gave way to a member of the University of California gymnastic team gyrating under a flickering barrage of strobe lights as Bruce Conner movies syncopated across four screens with a virtuoso backing of electronic music. Dancers vied for position under strobes as other performing participants displayed their wares in from 150 to 200 sockets. The hall was wired for 40,000 watts, and at times, said Don Buchla, they were using more than that. Occasional blown fuses attested to it.

The weekend came to an unexpected close with Neal Cassady (the model for Dean Moriarty in *On the Road*) in the best American tradition nominating Ken Kesey for governor. Hey, maybe that's why he's split!

Last November a month-long Expanded Cinema Festival at the Filmmakers' Cinematheque in New York brought together a few dozen similar movie experiments. However, the big difference—and it's a boss one—is the dance involvement with which California has gotten out in front. But it hasn't taken long for The Big Apple to shine to what's happening. This spring Murray the K's World opened in a remodeled hangar at Roosevelt Field. A daily Trip, it will have twenty screens for film slides and closed circuit, plus the latest in speaker systems.

It may be beyond my slowly aging nervous system, but if a Trip is still getting away from it all, apparently the way to do it today is by getting involved in it *all*. For out of The Trips Festival came a sure awareness that people are eager to get together—to dance, to communicate, to love. And they're not just teen-agers, or "heads." In this whole new world, Ken Kesey may have coined the wholeness and newness of it in calling them "changelings." □




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